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Write for Booklet free from D.B.J.B.

CITY LIFE Assurance Co. Ltd.
(*D. Bailey, Gen. Manager*)
6, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, E.C.2.

Our Xmas Gift Offer—Announcement. See Page 10.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 649. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

ALWAYS ASK FOR "CAVANDER'S Army Club" CIGARETTES

Sold by the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens

20 for 1/1 50 for 2/8

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

MILNER'S VISIT TO HUN PRISONERS

By Appointment to H.M. The King

Over 12 million tins of

NESTLÉ'S MILK

were distributed through the Trade during October, so that every mother needing it for her baby should have no difficulty in getting it from her usual supplier at the controlled price of

Per 1/2½ Tin

The Food Controller is making regular distributions of Condensed Milk through the trade according to available stocks, and as all traders are supplied strictly in proportion to their nominations, we can only refer all enquirers to their regular grocer or store, feeling sure that the Trade will loyally continue to give first consideration to those who need it to

SAVE THE BABIES

Nestlé's, 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Big News
COMING
Next Sunday
SEE
The
National News
10 PAGES
CIRCULATION EXCEEDS
250,000
COPIES WEEKLY.
1½D.
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TRY FIRST LESSON

GENERAL ELECTION ACTIVITIES.

It is now considered a foregone conclusion that a general election will take place within the next few weeks. No gift is of greater value to the political worker than the ability to present facts and arguments clearly and in persuasive and forceful language. It is with the object of rendering their public speaking as effective as possible, that many of these workers are taking up the course of public speaking prepared by Professor Grenville Kleiser whose services for the betterment of public speaking are well-known and deeply appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. His courses offered through his publishers—The Funk & Wagnall Co., 124, Salisbury Square, London, E.C. 4, from whom particulars can be obtained.

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AT POLITICAL AND
PUBLIC MEETINGS, IN BOARD ROOMS, AT DINNERS, ANYWHERE.

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aptly describes the spirit of the nation to-day. Endurance is the watchword of the Allies.

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The physical means of endurance are supplied to the body by 'BYNOGEN' which provides food for the tissues and nerves in such a form that they build reserves of strength over and above the needs of the most exhausting day's work. Thus endurance becomes not only possible but natural.

'BYNOGEN' consists of pure milk protein, with organic phosphates and a specially prepared extract obtained from selected whole wheat and malt.

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YOU WILL BE SURPRISED at the amount of Extra Butter you can get by following our directions:—

Skim the daily supply of milk (unpasteurized), putting the Cream in a 2-lbs. screw-top Jar, adding to the supply daily until a fair quantity has accumulated (say 6 or 7 days supply). Do not worry if the Cream is sour—it will make better butter.

NOW COMES OUR PART IN THE MATTER.

We can supply you with a PATENT BUTTER MAKER called the "Rapid," which is adapted to fit a 2lbs. STONE JAM JAR. With every "Rapid" supplied we send free full instructions for turning your Cream into Beautiful Butter in a few minutes.

The "Rapid" has *double-action* movement, which accounts for its great speed.

Will make from 1 to 8oz. at once. Price 2/11 (post free). Be disappointed by Substitutes—Buy the "Rapid."

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Please mention paper. OTLEY, YORKS.

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STRAIGHT home at night and no time lost in the morning!

A bicycle with Dunlop tyres is a masterpiece of efficiency.

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spreading everywhere
Safeguard yourself by using
MILTON

Milton will effectively prevent the infection of Influenza. You cannot catch Influenza if you use Milton according to instructions. It's the real safeguard. This is a strong statement, but it is absolutely true.

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It makes an effective barrage which the enemy cannot penetrate.

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You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 649. Week ending Saturday, November 9th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A Correct "Note."

No phrase of ours went better at the Albert Hall than that in which we gave what should have been the text of Mr. Wilson's reply to Germany's overtures: "I have your letter asking me to arrange an Armistice. I have forwarded same to Marshal Foch—*to whom all further communications should be addressed.*" That's the stuff to give 'em!

The Pope and the Czarina.

His Holiness has offered to find a home for the ex-Czarina and her daughters, if still alive. *We* shall be happy to do ditto for the Kaiser!

Indispensables.

The War Office finds that Mr. S. H. Schneider and Mr. F. C. Bovenschen are "indispensable" to the public service. Poor old Smith and Jones!

Medals for All.

Oh, those medals! Now it is the Salonica boys who are chipping in. And why shouldn't they? Medals for all who fought in the war should be the order.

The Unkindest Cut.

Surely no greater slur was ever cast upon the Conchies than when the German prisoners refused to work with them. Imagine being shunned by the Hun!

Boys in Firing Line.

We have good reason to believe that, in spite of all official denials, boys under 19 years of age are still being sent into the line. There is not the slightest military necessity for this step.

Paper Currency.

When are we likely to return to the old currency? Is it true that not only five-shilling but also half-crown notes are being printed? *And what is this we hear about our being busy printing German notes?*

Winston's Slip.

It is not often that Mr. Churchill says the wrong thing; and surely he must have been misreported when he said that "unconditional surrender" means "the crushing of millions of misguided people in the dust." For our part, the mud would be good enough for them.

Giving Away the Game.

So there has been a "largely attended" meeting of Liberal and Unionist M.P.s who have resolved that "any return to the Party system during the war" would be fatal to the interests of the country. There you have it—Party Government is only a game!

A War Widow's Badge.

Why not?—with W.W. as its distinctive letters. What man could pass such a woman without raising his hat?

The Dickens Fair.

We hope that paragraph in our last issue will have the effect of hurrying up the accounts from the various bodies who co-operated in this function, and thus enable the indefatigable trustee and treasurer, Mr. Walter Crotch, to close matters up.

The Pitmen's Lord Mayor.

We suppose no race was ever more popular than the Northumberland Plate—the "Pitmen's Derby"—run at Newcastle. But the present Lord Mayor of that city, and prospective parliamentary candidate, says that the plea that racing is essential to horse-breeding is "all camouflage and rot." Pitmen, kindly note.

Grateful and Comforting.

"You were a kind of deity to my boy," writes a bereaved mother, "and to have earned the love and admiration of the dear dead is alone to have lived for some great purpose. His parting words were, 'Should anything go wrong, mother, just write to JOHN BULL—he'll put you right.' . . . My dear lad was blown up off the Lizard." Peace to his memory.

A Judicial Echo.

A reader sends us a copy of *Law Notes* for April, 1902, containing a remarkable dictum of the late Mr. Justice Grantham, apropos of our vindication in the famous Hansard Union case. "Mr. Bottomley," said this erratic Judge, "was the only man who could have mastered the details. . . . Had he been defended by counsel he might have been convicted." Rough on the Bar!

Official Innocence.

The Under-Secretary for War does not know whether Lord Haldane has been at the War Office for the purpose of examining returned British prisoners—and Mr. Bonar Law does not know whether Sir Alfred Mond is Chairman of the Committee which is considering the question of the treatment of enemy aliens in this country after the war. Well, *we* do!

Anatomy *versus* Autonomy.

We commend the phrase to the politicians when they get to the Peace Conference. Take Turkey, for instance: Armenia, Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia must be amputated from the foul body politic of the Turk. And elsewhere the same principle must apply.

Speyer's Certificate.

So the Certificate of Naturalisation of Sir E. Speyer—whose telegraphic address was "Spy, London"—is to be revised. We hope the Baronetcy will go with it.

Exit Samter.

The man Samter, whose sinister relations with young soldiers we recently exposed, has been sent to hard labour for nine months. But throughout the proceedings there was not a word of acknowledgment to this journal. Treasury Counsel are queer fish. Stopford comes up for trial next Sessions.

That Poet!

Our enterprising contemporary the *Daily Express* has published another poem by that railway porter, Henry Chappell. It is called "The Night," and is a companion to his "The Day." Here is one of the verses:—

Unbend, my liege, that brow of care
By gloomy thought oppress,
Nor heed the heavens' boding glare
From cities' blaze and hamlets' flare,
Whose agony is written there,
A lurid palimpsest.

We should like a chat with Mr. Chappell about that "lurid palimpsest."

Schroeder's Coal.

So the poor Baron is to disgorge that surplus stock of coal—despite the fact that it was bought to encourage the sale of anthracite!

Vere is mine "influential vriend,"
Vere is ze vaithful band
To whom I money used to lend?
Vere is ze "hidden hand"?

An anonymous reader thus comments on the event. Perhaps he is Chappell.

If You *Hear* It——!

Here is an extract from our speech at the Albert Hall *in April last:* "You will find that Foch has a plan in his head, and reserves in his hand, which at the psychological moment will come to the rescue of the Allies and put a totally different complexion upon the scene. . . . The war will collapse as suddenly as it broke out." Of course, you retort that we had previously said "Peace by Christmas." Well, what about it?

The "Hidden Hand."

We have already expressed the view that everyone ought to go and see the play, under this title, now running in London and the provinces; and we are glad to learn that Gaumont's have arranged to film it. Thus every child will be able to see and understand how the great war was engineered.

No Inquests.

We are informed on excellent authority that a War Office Order has been issued prohibiting the holding of an inquest upon any soldier. Does the Defence of the Realm Act give the military authorities power to dispense in this airy fashion with what, after all, is a vital safeguard against negligence and foul play?

The Boy of Eighteen.

Only partly trained, a boy of 18, sent to France despite that promise to the contrary, was one of a party ordered to clear a village—delicate, dangerous work for seasoned men. Under machine-gun fire he fell. Two comrades and the Chaplain wrote of the lad's death to his father, but no intimation had arrived from the War Office. Even when the father wrote a letter of protest to the Under-Secretary he was not favoured with a line in reply. Aggrieved as well as grieved is he when discourtesy follows delay.

A Pretty Captain.

Captain Palmer Morewood, owner of most of Alfreton, Derbyshire, and its coal-mines, is a single young man, lucky enough to enjoy his "captaincy" at home. Something having been said about him using his car to carry German prisoners, he had the bad taste to excuse his action on the ground of a possible demonstration by the "rough mining community." This is the hard-working, honourable community on which he and his forbears have fattened and battened. Because of their toil he is wealthy, without one effort of his own. The miners are gentlemen; if they were really "rough" they would make him eat his words.

Foolery and Food.

A Walmer grocer recently had 2 lb. of his butter supplies pilfered between the manufacturers' establishment and his shop. "We have approached the Ministry of Food with regard to replacing the 2 lb. of butter pilfered in transit," wrote the manufacturers to the grocer, "and are advised by them that we must on no account do this. We very much regret their decision, as we know how very inconvenient this will be to you." The inconvenience, as a matter of fact, is that of 32 persons, who had each to go the ounce of butter short of their rations. If the Commissioners in Lunacy would only organise a round-up at the Ministry of Food, what a haul they would get! We sympathise with Mr. Clynes in the way he is handicapped.

Blackguardly Sentiments.

At the monthly meeting of the Management Committee of the Clare Lunatic Asylum there was a discussion on the sinking of the s.s. *Leinster*. The intention was to pass a resolution sympathising with the bereaved and condemning the authors of this foul atrocity. But the Chairman, the Rev. A. Clancy, declined to censure the Germhuns. "All warfare was cruel," he declared, "but in the present case there was really nothing extraordinary in what had occurred." For the pirates and murderers who had brutally assassinated his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Clancy had nothing but gentle words and soft excuses. Priest or no priest, we tell this smooth-tongued cleric to his face that to condone such bestial crimes is an offence but a degree removed from actual participation in their infamy and guilt.

Professor Fritz.

A writer in one of the Yorkshire newspapers thinks that the status of the Germhun in regard to English "learned Societies" after the war is "a question likely to afford many animated discussions." If so, let us hope a resolution will be passed in every case that Germhun professors of any breed be incapable of receiving the hospitality of our Societies for the next half-century at least.

The Match-Sellers.

Bryant and May's have done so well out of match prices that their shares have boomed and leaped on the Stock Exchange. And, out of their accumulated profits, they are making presents of free shares to lucky shareholders. . . . And a woman, for charging one halfpenny too much per box on matches sold in the street, was fined 40s. at Westminster. The poor soul was not a shareholder.

Insurance Meanness.

Having sent a tuberculous sailor, discharged from the Navy, through the rigours of War service, to a sanatorium at South Brent, Devon, the Insurance Committee of Plymouth leaves him to pay his own fare back. It adds to the incredible meanness by telling him that he ought to be able to afford the expense. He has a pension for six months, but he also has a wife and child, so is by no means so rich as the Committee suggested. It has no right to shirk its duty for the sake of a few shillings.

"Hush!"—Official.

A year or more ago a doctor who had been sole Medical Officer at a Lancashire Military Hospital was compelled to relinquish his position as a consequence of certain severe strictures he had seen fit to pass upon the general management of the institution. It is understood that these charges have since formed the subject of a War Office Inquiry, but the doctor, whose whole reputation is at stake, is informed that the results of the investigation are "confidential" and cannot be communicated to him. Surely this attitude is grossly unfair.

Decline to Budge!

A Manchester correspondent—a lady, to judge by the handwriting—makes a lively suggestion as regards the turning of respectable people out of railway carriages to make room for Hun prisoners. The gist of it is that passengers who have paid for their seats should refuse to vacate them, and it is suggested that this practical test of the position might particularly appeal to "a few live commercial travellers." If the experiment is made we shall be interested to know the result.

A Harsh Threat.

It would not hurt the Smallbrook Street Furnishing Company, of Birmingham, to show a little more consideration for their customers than they did in the case of the wife of a discharged soldier with five children, whose instalment payments through sheer misfortune recently fell into arrears. For some time past the husband, through illness contracted on active service, has been in the Lodge Road Military Hospital; yet the Company apparently are unwilling to exercise the least forbearance, and have actually served the wife with a "final application"—sent as a circular through the halfpenny post, without even an envelope—threatening to denude the home. As a sample of war-time manners, the behaviour of the Company is below par.

"Upside Down."

In the new Ration Books the Ministry of Food explain that the reference leaf at the back thereof has been "purposely printed upside down." Usually when a Government Department do anything upside down they do it by accident, so this has all the appearance of a record.

The Fine Old Skippers.

Qualified fishermen, after three years as skippers with the Navy, now invalided from active service, are but scurvily treated. From Milford Haven we hear that they rank no longer as skippers. The only job open for them is with the fishing reserve, and they must join that as deck-hands. Some of the young fishing skippers, who having done nothing but fish and make fortunes, should stand aside.

Half Dues.

The Board of Trade publishes its scale of payments to torpedoed men for lost kits, but is not always true to its promise. A man, whose loss amounted to £33, was asked to show his receipts, but could not furnish all, the goods being bought in different ports. He had receipted bills for over £24, and a list of the other items, but £15 was all the B. of T. paid him—half its promise according to scale. Apparently he must knock off the rest of the money for wear and tear!

An Unlucky Match.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Edward Greene, late of the Berkhamsted Urban District Council, should have married a woman who was once a German, but we fail to see why, because his wife has been placed under police supervision, the Councillors should slobber. If he thought it necessary to mount the pedestal of outraged virtue, and then to resign his seat on the Council, that was his affair, and there was no occasion for an orgy of sloppy sentiment and crocodile tears. Hasn't news of the war reached Berkhamsted?

Savings Safe.

Not long ago we discovered that if a person dying in a Poor Law Institution happened to be possessed of a few War Savings Certificates, there was a danger of their being seized to recoup the charges of the Union. An official letter from the Money Order Department at the G. P. O. now states that, although formerly it was their duty to make inquiry "as to whether the Guardians made any claim for funeral expenses or maintenances," they are now authorised "to dispense with such inquiry and are acting accordingly." So our little bit of publicity has done its work.

Ancestral Pride.

"I, the undersigned," advertises Mr. Robert W. Chandler, Jr., in the *Zululand Times*, "having heard that a kind friend in the Melmoth District is circulating the report that my grandfather was a common gardener, hereby draw the reporter's attention to the fact that unless this common gossip ceases, the circulator will have to stand the consequences." Talk about the eternal march of civilization! Think of a whole community of Zulus standing around in their native lairs discussing the ancestors of Chandler, Junior, who himself seems never to have heard that, in the words of the poet, from yon high heavens above us bent, the Grand Old Gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent!

The Methuselicrs.

Considering the situation, it appears quite time to cancel the calling-up of the oldsters. If it is possible to save a few hundred homes and businesses, let it be done quickly. The military age might well be fixed at 45. To put into khaki fathers and grandfathers of 50 to 51 is an unnecessary sin.

Fill-up-a-Form.

The Food Production Department has got the "Fill-up-a-Form" mania badly. Intricate cards—one card, one job—are now issued to men in charge of tractors, with all sorts of spaces to be filled up with figures, facts, guesses and imaginings. It will cruelly badger men who, good at their work, are not adept at book-keeping. "The number of hours worked by yourself" is one item to be supplied. If it is to include the hours wasted in filling-up job cards, the number will be a high one.

"Nothing Doing."

Another "Conchy" has hopes. "Dear Madam," writes one Herbert Parker, from "The Settlement," Princetown, to a Dartmouth lady, "re your advt. for groom, I beg to offer my services. I am a strong young man and am quite used to horses. If employed by you I should serve you to the best of my ability. I am a Conscientious Objector on religious grounds, and having now served 12 months with good conduct I am at liberty to find work outside." The lady in the case won't worry if he serves twelve years. There is nothing doing in her service for any of the tribe.

A Soldier's Wife.

We are glad to hear that, following our remarks on the case of Mrs. Walker, a soldier's wife, who had been compelled to enter West Bromwich Workhouse Infirmary for her confinement, the Warley Citizens' Committee took the matter up. Mrs. Walker was removed, and placed under the care of a competent nurse. Her child was born almost immediately after. We have also been informed by the West Bromwich Union that "the Ladies' Committee who deal with all admissions to the maternity wards have been successful in finding her a home." Well, whomsoever we stirred up to do it, thank God it's done! All donations generously sent by readers have been forwarded to Mrs. Walker.

A Barrett-tone Solo.

Why should the Bishop's Stortford Magistrates have let Alfred Slapps Barrett off lightly? It was simply artfulness on his part to be "absolutely open" with the authorities when he knew he had been found out. What he actually did was to supply white flour, contrary to law, to the German Camp at Libury Hall. He pleaded that there were old Germans in the Camp Hospital (many over 80) who could only digest gruel made from white flour. Funny nobody troubled to ask this pillar of the Congregational Church and founder of the P. S. A. how many Germans over 80 are in the hospital and how many aged English men and women can only digest gruel made of white flour which they cannot get. He was fined £25 and costs. Oh, happy band of pilgrims!

Penalty for Sickness.

If ill, suspecting 'flu, go to bed; so we are ordered. But if you are an officer of the West Ham Union, and dare to stay home for a day to throw off the infection, you lose your rations and 19s. bonus. It is compelling a man to endanger his fellows.

Influenza and Lunacy.

The Eastbourne Council resented certain criticisms in the local *Gazette* of the late Chief Constable; when the other day its representative requested the Medical Officer to give him for publication some hints which would assist the people of Eastbourne to ward off the 'flu, that official refused—so the paper reports—"because of instructions he had received from his superiors not to give the *Gazette* any information." Why should a public authority go so crazy?

A Sweet Offer.

A small shopkeeper in Wales was staggered to receive an offer of 1 cwt. of chocolate, from a person unknown to him—A. Hill, "Import and Export Merchant," 11, Swallow Street Piccadilly, London. As chocolate is scarce, the tradesman said "Yes," and quickly received, not the toothsome delicacy, but an invoice for £15 17s. 4d., and the suggestion that payment should be made in advance. On visiting Hill's address, we find the premises to be just a newspaper shop, where letters are received for anybody who pays a fee. That Welsh tradesman had best keep his £15 in his pocket.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. J. I. Macpherson, M.P., Under-Secretary for War.

DEAR MAC,—You professed yourself much in distress at the suggestion made in the House the other night that officials at the War Office had prohibited British prisoners of war returning from Germhuny from talking or writing about their sufferings—but you didn't deny the allegation; you only dodged it. I was myself told not many weeks ago that on arrival in this country "a paper" was put into the hands of returned prisoners instructing them that mum was the word in regard to the mistreatment they had endured. So that's that! JOHN BULL

To Mrs. P. R. Ferriss, The Rectory, Jevington.

MADAM,—In case you haven't heard of it, I write to say that the whole village of Jevington, in Sussex, of which your husband is Rector, is up in arms against you for having discharged your English governess in order to take on a German "Fraulein"—with whom you say you will not part "unless she is fetched away." I understand that the Rector, to his honour, is serving as a Chaplain with the Forces—and I am dropping him a line. Meanwhile, I suggest that the villagers might congregate nightly opposite the Rectory and serenade that female Hun. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Robert Smillie, President, Miners' Federation of Great Brita'n.

DEAR SIR,—Augustus Seigel, whom you have taken under your wing, is a full-blooded, unnaturalised Germhun, who as recently as 1912 received a free pardon from the Kaiser for some political offence, and was allowed to undertake a lecturing tour in Germany. A notorious pacifist himself and with two sons of military age who are "Conchies," there is no indication that Seigel has the least sympathy with the cause of the Allies. This is the man you have thought fit to make friends with. I don't like it, Robert! JOHN BULL.

To the Board of Conciliation for Government Employees, London.

GENTLEMEN,—In my view, the Hello Girls in the Telephone Exchanges have made out a clear case for better treatment in regard to wages. At present they are niggardly paid, though the work they do is skilled, exacting, onerous and nerve-racking. Settle their wage grievances in a manner to give them satisfaction without so much humming and hahing about it. We don't want a turn-out in the telephone service, do we? JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Preston King, Mayor of Bath.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—At the Somerset Assizes severe punishment was meted out to the two Hamblins, father and son, who were found guilty of robbing the Bath Corporation. A serious feature of the case was the statement of the Prosecuting Counsel that these frauds had been going on for nearly ten years before they were discovered, the total defalcations amounting to £8,727. I think you must agree that these disclosures point to grave laxity in the control of the borough finances. Unless there is an improvement in this respect, I shall not in future advise my worst enemies to "Go to Bath." JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edgar Jones, M.P., K.B.E.

DEAR SIR EDGAR,—In addition to your Parliamentary duties, you have undertaken important work in connection with the Welsh Tinplate Manufacturers' Association, a job rather off the regular beat. "Sir Edgar Jones," the trade is informed, "will open an office in Westminster and will keep in touch with all legislative and Government measures in order that the interests of the Tinplate Industry may be properly safeguarded." I suppose this sort of thing will work in very well with the experience you recently gained as head of the Priority Department at the Ministry of Munitions—while, of course, being a Member of the House of Commons will be handy. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. H. R. and S. J. Stevenson, Directors Richard Stevenson, Ltd., Corn Merchants, Lewes.

GENEROUS SIRS,—I understand you have been coining money out of Government contracts for forage, etc., ever since the war began. However, you employed a young woman, of 18, in a responsible position, in which she had to handle a considerable sum of money, at the filthy wage of 13s. a week. She stole your money—the money you put so wickedly in her way. Before God, sirs, you are responsible for that poor girl's backsliding. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. W. Hayes Fisher, M.P., President, Local Government Board.

SIR,—For the life of me I cannot see what the deuce is the use of that Housing Bill. It is neither one thing nor the other. Apparently neither man, woman nor child will be any better for it, barring those who take their wages from the County Councils, who may build a few houses for their own workmen, but will assuredly not attempt to deal with the housing problem—national in its present need—on a large scale. It is only a little scheme, you say. Quite so. It is so little that it isn't worth a—well, that's my opinion, anyhow. JOHN BULL.

To A. H. Barker, Esq., University College, London.

MY DEAR BARKER,—You have won it. You take the bun, but you really merit the bakery. A man who has the frontispiece to get into the lecturing chair of a university, advise his audience to instal an electric fire "having the appearance of blazing coal but emitting no heat," and assure them that many people prefer them "for the sake of appearance and warming their rooms by cleaner ranges"—well, as I say, you can have the bun, or a banana if you prefer it. Ever tried washing your hands with imperceptible soap in invisible water, to save fat for munitions? JOHN BULL.

LORD MILNER VISITS HUN PRISONERS.

THE WAR SECRETARY AND THE CASE OF CAPTAIN W. J. ARMSTRONG.

WHEN a man, be he officer or private, is victimised for doing his duty, John Bull will always be ready to champion his cause. To-day we take up the cudgels on behalf of Capt. W. J. Armstrong, who was Adjutant at the Holyport Camp, near Maidenhead, at the time of the visit of a Royal princess and when the greatest lenency and laxity were displayed towards the aristocratic Germans imprisoned there. We have already criticised the conduct of Colonel Harvey, who was the Commandant at the time of these discreditable happenings, and we have called for an Inquiry; but, as usual, there is silence. Friends in high places are evidently determined to do nothing, in the hope that the matter will blow over. Well, we are determined that Captain Armstrong shall get justice, and not continue to be a victim to duty—for he was dismissed on charges made by Colonel Harvey *after* he had protested against the leniency and licence conceded to the despicable Huns in the camp of which his superior officer was Commandant.

Realise that Captain Armstrong was the Adjutant of the camp, and that he had served in that capacity under three previous Commandants with credit. When Colonel Harvey came upon the scene the trouble began. Armstrong, among other things, strongly disapproved of the Colonel's procedure in dealing with the interned officers, and in view of what he regarded as his irregularities, felt it his duty to bring these things to the notice of the authorities, and before reporting to headquarters at Salisbury, verbally told the Colonel of his intention. What did Harvey do? He immediately left the camp without placing anyone in charge, and went post-haste to the War Office, and on returning told Captain Armstrong that he was relieved of his position as Adjutant. Now, Armstrong had forwarded his allegations to the proper quarter, and a certain Colonel Vaughan was sent to investigate. But instead of Harvey being the "defendant," vague allegations were made against the Adjutant, and he was placed on *his* defence.

We say unhesitatingly that the conduct of Colonel Vaughan was wholly irregular, and that the very nature of the report he saw fit to make against Armstrong was improper and a breach of the Regulations. The outcome of it all was that Armstrong has been shelved because he bitterly opposed the disgraceful laxity in the treatment of the Hun, and in spite of his protests, he has never had the Inquiry to which he was entitled. This is a matter which Lord Milner cannot afford to ignore, the more so as he himself is acquainted with the methods at Holyport Camp—at any rate, his personal visit there before he was Secretary for War must have enabled him to judge of the conduct of the camp. So far as we can ascertain, Lord Milner was not there in any official capacity; nor was his visit to one of the officers—that has been the official explanation, on which we may have more to say later, of the visit of Princess Alice of Athlone. He was there to see certain of the enemy officers with whom, we understand, he claimed personal acquaintance.

Now we know that the Secretary of State for War has German associations, and to speak frankly we don't relish the knowledge. But it pleased Mr. Lloyd George to put Lord Milner in the post which had been filled so ably since the outbreak of war, first by the ever-mourned Lord Kitchener, and afterwards by Lord Derby. We cannot disguise the fact that the only Minister of the Crown who in the recent momentous days has gone out of his way to say a good word for the despicable Hun is Lord Milner. And when we realise that Captain Armstrong has been grossly victimised because he objected to the lenient treatment of German prisoners, we can hardly be expected to anticipate anything very helpful from the Secretary for War. Lord Milner, at the time of writing, is in France—taking such part as for some reason is assigned to him in dictating terms of Armistice to the Hun. It will be his bounden duty, so soon as he is relieved of the greater responsibility which now weighs upon him, to see that fairplay is accorded to Captain Armstrong.

So far, as we have already explained, justice has been cruelly denied. A certain Mr. B. B. Cubitt, who himself is related by marriage to the despicable enemy, has—acting in the name of the Army Council—endorsed the decision which "relieved" Captain Armstrong of his appointment at Holyport. We do not hesitate to say that this gallant officer, with his 40 years of military service, has been flagrantly victimised—and it is the business of Lord Milner to see him justified and reinstated. This is not the only instance of the kind that has come to our notice. Remember what was done in the case of the young officer who protested against the licence accorded to Mrs. Leverton Harris to visit the princely Huns at Lofthouse Camp.

The War Office has no right to shield a man of the type of Colonel Harvey. What adds to the public indignation at the favours bestowed upon the Hun prisoners-of-war is the knowledge of the bestial brutalities inflicted upon the unhappy men of the British Army who have fallen into the hands of the enemy—bestialities which certain super-sensitive Ministers have been powerless to avert. We may well ask Lord Milner to explain his visit to Holyport Camp; but we go further in the matter of Captain Armstrong, and demand an immediate and exhaustive Inquiry.

WHO KILLED WALTER GOODCHILD?

SHOCKING NEGLECT FOLLOWED BY DEATH.

This is a cruel case, and we call upon the police to take action. Walter Goodchild, a boy of fourteen—a mere child—was employed by Oswald Smith, farmer, of Hampston Hill Farm, Beverley Parks, at a wage of 4s. a week and his food. His duties were to mind cows, and to assist in the milking. His employer admits that he was not properly shod for going into the wet fields; nevertheless, the poor boy was sent. As the farmer should have known would happen, the lad's boots became soaked with water. They were still soaked when he put them on in the morning. So Walter fell ill—very ill. The merciful Smith looked upon this sick and suffering child, and decided that here was no useful material for that day's cow minding and milking. So he told the boy to go home. Very natural, you think? Only the boy was sick unto death, and his home was three miles away. It seemed never to have occurred to Smith that the lad might have been carried home in a cart, or at any rate been accompanied by someone older and in better health.

Walter staggered along bravely towards home. He collapsed in a ditch on the way. There he was found—done for. He expired a few hours later in the Beverley Workhouse Infirmary. We leave it for a Court to say whether anyone was guilty of this lad's death. But we note, as a curious fact, that at the Inquest Smith seems to have been less concerned with the tragedy than with the Coroner's refusal to allow him his expenses. The jury added a fairly strong rider, which may or may not amount to a verdict of manslaughter. As for ourselves, we have no doubts.

HERR MACDONALD!

MISERABLE METHODS OF MEMBER FOR LEICESTER.

Occasionally we get an interesting sidelight upon the methods pursued by the Pacifist clique in their efforts to engineer a peace that would suit "their German comrades." Among the leading lights of the so-called Union of Democratic Control is Mr. F. Seymour Cocks, who, it seems, is flattered to act as political lackey to the egregious Herr Ramsay Macdonaldstein. Macdonald's aim at present, apparently, is to discredit men who stand well with the public on account of their patriotic services during the war. Among others, the brilliant and loyal General Smuts has the honour of being marked down on Macdonald's black list, and in this connection an interesting letter has found its way into our possession. Under the date June 18th, 1918, Mr. Cocks wrote to the Member for Leicester in the following terms:—

> Dear Macdonald,—I will certainly try and find something about what was said of Smuts during the Boer War. If I come across any good extracts, I will let you have them.
>
> Yours sincerely, F. Seymour Cocks.

It is as illustrating the paltriness of the man's mind that the letter is chiefly interesting. Here we stand at the most stupendous crisis in the history of humanity, and the best thing this self-styled Democrat can find to do is to set his satellites to work to rake up things said nearly 20 years ago about a soldier-statesman who during the war has rendered magnificent service to the Empire. It is Macdonald's aim, no doubt, to prove to the satisfaction of his infatuated followers that the inhabitants of these islands are "mostly fools." Fortunately, we may be pretty certain that the next election at Leicester will rob them of the last excuse for this opinion.

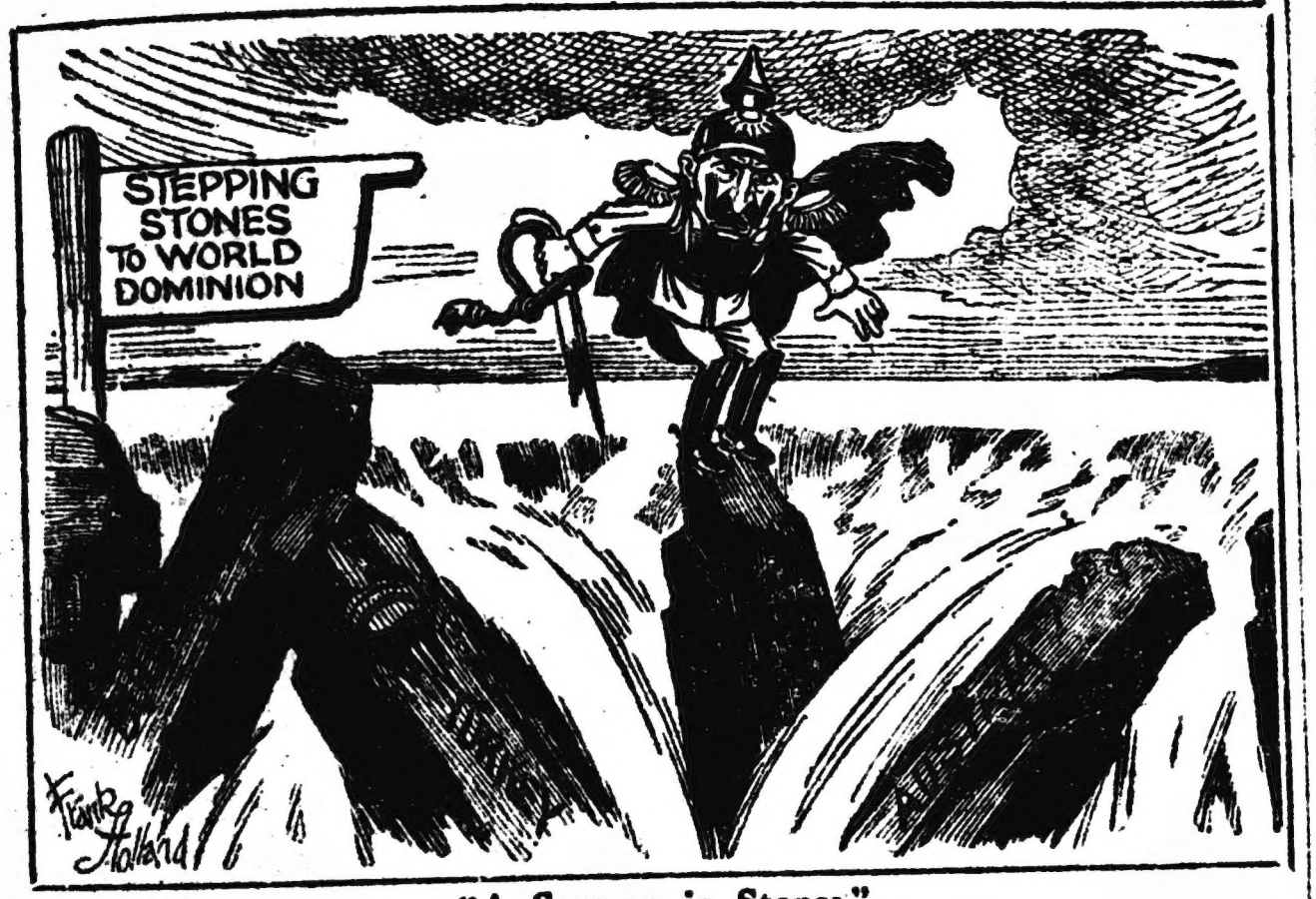
THE SOLDIER'S LEGACY

AND HOW THE LANDLORD ACCEPTS THE TRUST.

This business of war-time ejection wants looking after. We know there is a law to guard the tenant, but there are loopholes in it large enough for landlords to creep through. Here are Mrs. Jay and her child ejected by William Broyd from his cottage at Chadwell's Farm. Jay is on active service. The house is "wanted" by Broyd "for one of his workmen." We seem to have heard that phrase before. Mrs. Jay had the cottage when Broyd took over the farm, and her tenancy was confirmed. However, the cottage is wanted. Mrs. Jay could not get another near by, but Broyd grandly told the Hedingham Sessions that there were cottages at Bumpstead, two miles away. So thither Mrs. Jay must move herself, her child, and her household—difficult though it may be to do so.

In another case, Mrs. Strangward, of 9, Cranes Lane, Leominster, the widow of a soldier killed in France, got into arrears with her rent, mainly through the illness of herself and children—she has three, age 14, 10 and 4. When her husband was alive and at home, she never owed a penny. She had been in the cottage five years. Owing to the rent being in arrears, the Magistrates were compelled to make the Ejectment Order. When some kind-hearted railwaymen clubbed together, and offered Miss Wilkes, the landlady, the amount of the arrears, and asked if Mrs. Strangward could stop, the gracious lady answered "No! I prefer her to go away—I don't want any more soldiers' widows in my houses." So the widow has had to find a new home 12 miles away for her fatherless babes. But, thank heaven, the landlady has been paid her rent!

DOOMED!



"A Sermon in Stones."

A SCURVY TRICK.

MEAN BEHAVIOUR OF A POLICE PANJANDRUM.

Not long ago a fête and cricket match were arranged to take place at Horsham, Sussex, in aid of the local War Workers' Depôt, the chief promoter of this interesting function being our old friend, Mr. Arthur Stuart Williams, Chief Constable of West Sussex. The contending cricketers, whose performance was to be a leading attraction, were members of the West Sussex Constabulary and a team drawn from the R.G.A. Depôt at Horsham, assisted by one or two soldiers from Hastings and East Grinstead. Nothing could have been nicer—but, unfortunately, Mr. Williams, with that ill-natured officiousness which is part of his character, contrived to introduce a discordant note.

A motorist, Mr. W. Carne, whose car had for some time been at the disposal of the military, was sent over to East Grinstead to pick up one or two of the cricketers, carrying a permit for the purpose from an officer at the R.G.A. Camp; but on his return to the fête ground Mr. Carne, whose record of war service is an excellent one, was actually stopped by a police-officer—acting on the instructions of the Chief Constable, who before the company was no doubt the soul of affability—and told that he would be summoned for using petrol contrary to the provisions of the Motor Spirit Restriction Order. Probably Chief Constable Williams hoped to get a good deal of kudos out of the organisation of the fête, and it is to be noted that there was no interference with the motorist until, the purpose of his journey accomplished, the cricketers were on the ground and the success of the function assured. Then, with incredible meanness, summonses were issued—not only against Mr. Carne, but also against Lieut. E. A. Cawdron, the R.G.A. officer who had sanctioned the journey, for "aiding and abetting" the alleged offence. Impressed, no doubt, with the utter meanness and hollowness of the proceedings, the Horsham Magistrates summarily dismissed the charges, their attention being incidentally drawn to the fact that on the day of the fête the wife of the Chief Constable was on the ground in a motor-car! The decision was a well-deserved snub to a bumptious jack-in-office.

LARGE PROFITS, SMALL RETURNS.

HOW THEY MAKE MONEY WITH *YOUR* PEN.

The lavish promises held out by the Craven Press, of 22, Chancery Lane, W.C., are calculated, to say the least of it, to encourage extravagant hopes in the minds of persons of ordinary ability who aspire to literary fame, and call for further comment. The truth is, of course, that there is no royal or easy road to success as a writer, and that the part of the author's craft that can be taught by correspondence leaves many vital factors out of account. However, for the benefit of the "mute, inglorious Miltons," it may be as well that there should be no misunderstanding as to the methods of the Craven Press. For a "specially reduced fee" of £3 3s., aspirants may have a full course in Fiction Writing and Newspaper Correspondence "in which everything necessary to enable a would-be journalist or author to begin immediately to earn money is thoroughly and comprehensively taught."

In reality, however, these wonderful "lessons" consist of nothing more than a few badly type-written sheets of advice and instruction, made up for the most part of hints and observations of an utterly commonplace kind, with a useful "tip" here and there for pupils with exceptional aptitude. In addition, the Craven Press will undertake the "free criticism" of the student's prentice efforts; but if one of these criticisms lately submitted to us for perusal is a fair sample, we fancy the budding author might have fared equally well if he had submitted his effort to his next-door neighbour. The profitable nature to his next-door neighbour. The profitable nature of the enterprise from the standpoint of the Craven Press, and its Director, Mr. Francis Marlowe, depends largely upon the fact that the "lessons" are stereotyped, and it therefore costs almost as little to coach a hundred pupils as one. We are told that "the most earnest disciple of 'War-time Economy' cannot regard the fee as an unjustifiable outlay, but will rather admit it to be a gilt-edged investment, whose dividends must be particularly useful just now." In the language of the classics, "Rats!" But "How to make money with *your* pen" is an art of which certainly the Craven Press are accomplished exponents.

THE COAL CRIME.

TRUCK LOADS FOR RICH, NONE FOR POOR.

The Fuel Controller has made one law for the rich and another for the poor. The poor or modest buyer is overlooked, dragooned, and liable to scrutiny. The rich man may gather in his trucks-full without let or hindrance. The consequences might have been foreseen. In hundreds of homes coal has been unobtainable. In country villages the grate has been empty for weeks together. In Henfield, Sussex—to take one specific instance—the cottagers have been unable to secure one hundredweight in a week. They have tried to make-do with half the quantity, and, finally, they had to do with none at all. All this while on the rail were arriving truck after truck of coal—not for the local dealers, but for the wealthy people whose cellars were already well-stocked. The situation is more than a scandal. *It is a crime.*

WASTE NOTHING.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS WILL DO IT FOR YOU.

We are to save everything and waste nothing, especially metal. At Woolwich Arsenal they have their own way of dodging the injunction. Take one dump just to go on with, composed of some ten thousand tons of scrap metal. Some of it has lain there for years. There are tons of bullets, scrapped because they did not go to Russia. There are huge piles of brass shavings, left to be oxydised by the weather, and bins of brass filings and other valuable metals similarly exposed. There is so much material lying waste that bins became unprocurable, and over 2,000 sacks were used to hold unwanted bullets, those sacks then being left to rot. Men do "packing" on Sundays, at double pay, adding more to the dump at the most expensive rate. Small quantities are carted away and disposed of, but this is surely more waste, as the Arsenal ought to smelt its scrap metal on the spot. If there are many other dump-heaps like the one we have described, by so many is the waste multiplied

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

ARREST OF THE FATHERLESS IN HIS AFFLICTION.

To the Leeds Police and the Leeds Magistrates our heartfelt thanks are due for their humane conduct in the case of Sapper Ibbotson. This soldier, and the son of a soldier, has had two brothers killed in action; the third is still in France. He himself was engaged on inland water transport. His father was taken seriously ill, and he obtained leave of absence. To put it shortly, he found his father dying, and overstayed his leave. When the police, acting under instructions from the military, went to arrest him, they found him standing beside the body of his just dead father. Reverently the constable bared his head. Then he expressed his sorrow, and went quietly away. Immediately the Superintendent wired to the military authority: "Father of Sapper Ibbotson just died. Shall I arrest Sapper Ibbotson under the circumstances?" Being a humane man, he had no doubt about what would be the reply. But he was wrong. This was the curt and callous reply: "Carry out instructions with regard to Sapper Ibbotson." That was all. Even then the police did not give up without a struggle, and when the charge came before the Leeds Bench the Superintendent put the man's case bravely and eloquently. The upshot of it was that the Magistrates, Mr. J. R. Bower, Sir George Cockburn, and Mr. Douglas Elliot, adjourned the hearing until after the father's funeral, which will probably be a military one, and they expressed their satisfaction with the way in which the police had dealt with the matter. But what will happen to Ibbotson when he is sent back? Will he be punished as a defaulter? And will the callous brute who sent the peremptory telegram escape without censure?

THE KING

Albert Hall Echoes—Falling Crowns

By TH

OUR Albert Hall gathering was the most remarkable demonstration I have ever witnessed—and I have seen some wonderful ones in my time. And I have addressed many meetings in that great historic hall, some of them equally crowded and enthusiastic—but never one quite like this. Taking a lesson from past experience, I had arranged to lunch with the other speakers, at the Hall, and at 12.30 I was there. It was pouring with rain, yet I had to make my way through a big crowd—an hour and a half before the opening of the doors and two hours and a half before the time of the meeting. And as the queues grew and grew, it was a relief to me to find that at one o'clock Lord Beresford, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, Havelock Wilson, Arnold White, Ben Tillett, Brigadier General Page Croft and Mrs. Dacre Fox had managed to get in. And then, as the rain continued to come down, I gave directions for the doors to be opened—and soon the tramp of feet told us that the vast building was being rapidly filled; and in a few minutes notices were exhibited outside that the hall was full. From one of the windows we watched the dispersal of huge disappointed crowds—for, in such weather, overflow meetings were out of the question. Many of my friends had, indeed, predicted that the influenza epidemic would spoil the meeting, and I had been strongly urged to postpone it! Then we sat down to lunch—the peals of the grand organ reverberating through the room. We should have liked to have commenced the proceedings long before the advertised hour, but we were bound to keep faith with the box-holders, whose thousand seats we knew had been distributed amongst many who in a variety of directions have much to do with the moulding of public opinion; and we wanted them to hear what we had to say.

An Electric Atmosphere.

At last we were on the platform, and I knew that it was no ordinary gathering. I suppose no man is more sensitive to the electric atmosphere of a big congregation of human beings, brought together by a common impulse, than am I. Every fibre of my being responds to it. I have met only one other person equally susceptible, and that was Charles Bradlaugh. He would absolutely imbibe the currents which emanated from the audience—only to emit them, with increased voltage, from his wonderful being when he came to speak. How he would have revelled in this meeting! First, there was a mighty outburst, developing into a roar of human thunder, as the bent and crippled Havelock Wilson, racked with the agony of rheumatoid arthritis, but with spirit and patriotism unquenchable, was assisted to his seat. And then, a scarcely less remarkable ovation as, one after the other, we came on the platform. Behind us sat nearly a thousand wounded soldiers, with a sprinkling of old Chelsea pensioners—and the mixture of their hospital blue and red, and the scarlet of the veteran warriors, with the white ensign of the Navy and the flags of the Allies, made a setting such as any stage artist might envy. And in front? Was ever such a meeting? They were not the people you usually see at such functions. Experienced platform men like Marshall Hall and Ben Tillett made the same remark, as one person after another was identified, in the boxes and elsewhere—"Imagine *him* (or *her*) being here." I shall not mention names, but I assert, with confidence, that the composition of the audience was unique. And the women—they were there in their thousands, whilst their almost hysterical applause (I use the phrase in no disrespectful sense) of the sentiments of the speakers—Unconditional Surrender, Condign Punishment, Full Indemnities, no "Freedom of the Seas"—confirmed my view that we have nothing to fear, but much to gain, from our newly-enfranchised sisters. I shall always remember one little incident. "Why have you all come here to-day?" asked Lord Beresford. "Because we all love JOHN," came a woman's voice—and nobody enjoyed the joke more than dear old "Charlie" himself. And then we settled down to the serious business of the meeting. I did not occupy any time by reading the shoals of letters and telegrams which reached me from all parts of the country—from trade organisations, discharged soldiers' federations, military hospitals, munition factories, public men, and hundreds of private individuals. "Everybody who *is* anybody," said I, "is either here or has sent us a message." And I don't think that was a very great exaggeration of the truth. It will be remembered that last week I printed the Resolution it was proposed to submit, and I publish it again in order to emphasise the addition, printed in italics, which was made after consultation with Lord Beresford and Mr. Arnold White:—

> That this great open meeting of London citizens affirms its determination that there shall be no Peace negotiations with either the Kaiser or his present Government, and that the unconditional surrender of the enemy shall be the first condition of any peace discussion; and it further re-affirms the confidence of the British public in the ability of Marshal Foch, Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, General Pershing, and Admiral Beatty and Admiral Sims speedily to bring the enemy to his knees; and finally, it records its unabated loyalty to the King, and its desire to support in every way His Majesty's Government—as long as it acts on the principles above enunciated—in bringing the war to an early and victorious end—*always retaining the command of the seas.*

I need not dwell upon the significance of those added words; and I hope the Government will take note of them. They mean the throwing over—lock, stock and barrel—of one of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, so unfortunately accepted a few months ago by the Prime Minister. Equally important is the declaration to have nothing to do with either the Kaiser or his Government—the Unconditional Surrender of the enemy being also the preliminary term of any Peace discussion. And then we get an expression of unabated confidence in the ability of the naval and military Commanders "to bring the enemy to his knees," and a promise to support the Government in the prosecution of the war, "as long as it acts on the principles above enunciated." But I have left one item for special treatment—the declaration of unabated loyalty to our King.

Falling Crowns and Thrones.

A Prince was murdered to make war inevitable; thrones are falling that peace may be made certain—and the House of the Hohenzollerns is tottering as I write. Think of the Nemesis that awaits the criminal of Europe. Fearing Russia, he forced the Czar into war, hoping to bully the head of the Romanoffs into an alliance; all he has accomplished is the death of his brother monarch, the end of another reigning family, and where he schemed for victory he but provoked a revolution. What nightmare phantoms must have tortured the Kaiser as he watched the Russian holocaust of his own making, as he saw the plots which were to have brought his "well beloved brother" to his knees taking mammoth form and blotting out with the knife of the regicide and the bullet of the anarchist those who stood so near to him at one time in friendship and in blood. Constantine, that infamous and treacherous king who would have lured Greece to a ruin not less complete than that of Turkey, is hiding his craven head lest, it being seen, he loses it. His lying Consort who played, like the Czarina, the traitor's part, and professing love for the country over which she ruled, lived only to further the schemes of the All-Damnedest, has passed into oblivion. A Royal woman's perfidy added to a King's treachery is the record of Constantine and his Consort. To-day they are fugitives from Justice. But the avengers of outraged Humanity will yet track them down. Ferdinand, the willing tool of the Kaiser—another so-called Royal person, who fattened on flattery and thought himself the equal of his patron—knows not where to lay his head; his successor is already fleeing from the responsibilities he so lightly undertook and is renouncing the throne on which he has hardly had time to sit. Karl, the craven King of Austria, who knowing his people wanted peace, yet fearing the wrath of the Potsdam autocrat still paltered with war, has surrendered his throne in the hope of saving his life. But all frantic scuttling and burrowing of the Royal rabbits will avail them nothing. Their thrones have disappeared, their crowns lack even the dignity

S POSITION.

and Thrones—Empire and Monarchy.

DITOR.

of a top hat, while their once loyal subjects call down the curses of Heaven upon them, and their once well-ordered kingdoms are riven with the agonising quakes of lurid revolution. And all this is the work of the last of the Hohenzollerns—the man who, born of an English mother, yet sought the ignominy and downfall of the people whose blood flows in his mongrel body. He schemed to bend Europe to his will, to find not "a place in the sun," but a place where the sun of vainglory should shine for him alone. He tried to gain the whole world only to lose his own soul. If there ever was any good in the criminal Kaiser, mad ambition stamped it out. Surrounded by bullies of the Prussian army, made to believe himself the Anointed of the Lord by the flattery of the sycophant and the adulation of the bedecked lackeys who hung about his Court, this man—cousin of our own King, nephew of King Edward of honoured memory—planned and plotted to outrival the might and majesty of the British Empire. There was a time in his megalomania when he seriously propounded his right of succession to the British Throne, and made it a sullen grievance that he was not permitted an active part in shaping Britain's Imperial destinies. With jealousy in his heart and hatred on his lips, he sought ever the means to our undoing. Balance of Power, the Triple Alliance, the mummery in the East and the Holy Land, the spectacular journey of his ape-like son through India, that earlier challenge in the insolent patronage of Kruger in the Boer War—all was directed to one end: the undermining of the beneficent rule of the Anglo-Saxon, in order to substitute the cruel and repressive reign of the Teuton. But as we contemplate the break up of Kingdoms, the revolt of oppressed and deluded Peoples, the cries for freedom from enslaved races once more pressing towards the Light of Liberty, let us thank God that we as a People and an Empire look on, if with fear at the rousing of the Demon of Disorder, at any rate with quiet assurance that we live under a Constitution and own allegiance to the sovereign head of a State which finds none but free men within its borders.

The Position of the King.

And that is why at the Albert Hall meeting I insisted upon including in the Resolution an expression of unabated loyalty to the King. It would be idle to deny that in these days, when, as I have said, thrones are falling like ninepins, there is an undercurrent of unrest in regard to our monarchical institutions. And it would be equally futile to shut our eyes to the fact that the old German element in our Court is a contributing cause of this sentiment. Then there is a popular idea that when you come to the root of things it is usually found that war is made by Kings and not by Peoples. Further, we have amongst our Allies the two greatest Republics in the world, the President of each of which is a man of strong outstanding personality, and one of whom, by the accident of circumstance, is at the moment the central figure in what I would describe as the civilian personnel of the war. I go about the country a great deal and mix with every class of the community, and I cannot help observing a diminution in the enthusiasm with which the name of our King is now received. And it is because I perceive in this state of feeling a very real danger that some time ago I wrote an article, "Hands Off the Throne," and that upon every possible opportunity I have done my best to show that any other constitution which we might establish in place of the Limited Monarchy now prevailing—which, as I have so often pointed out, is nothing more or less than the Hereditary Presidency of the British Republic—would inevitably result in the disruption of our Empire and the loss certainly of India and probably of some of our other dominions beyond the seas. I therefore resolved to avail myself of the opportunity of this great demonstration to test the people's mind, and I reproduce the words I used. Here they are:

"Despite all our triumphs in the field, I am not altogether happy with the present situation. The links which in pre-war time bound this country to Germany are not yet entirely snapped, and there are many influences at work to prevent their final sundering. On the other hand, there is a restless spirit abroad which would adopt violent methods. I am, however, no revolutionary. My reading of history teaches me that no violent revolution was ever yet justified by its results—or, at any rate, that its objects could not have been obtained by other than bloody means. I am a believer in Law and Order, and, after deep reflection, I am satisfied that the system of constitutional monarchy and free institutions under which we live affords the best security and safeguard for peace and prosperity. I, of course, regret the German element in both Court and political circles, but so far as the King is concerned no one will deny that he is doing his best to eliminate the taint—and *provided there are no further Teutonic alliances*, I see no reason why our constitution should not survive the present trial. The Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs and the Hohenzollerns may go—after all, they were never in any true sense the symbols of free empire and good government; they sought to perpetuate the mediæval, worn-out doctrines of kingship. For our own Empire, however—with its vast diversity of race, colour and creed—an hereditary head of the State—a figure-head, if you will, but a symbol and centre which the natives of distant lands may rally round—is an absolute necessity. The Indian Princes, for instance, would never serve under the banner of a President of a Republic. There may be people who think that Empire is an unmixed blessing, but, whether they be right or wrong, it is certain that Empire, in its true sense, and Monarchy must stand or fall together; and provided that both King and Parliament will learn the lesson and take to heart the warnings of this war, I believe that after the rivers of tears and blood through which we have waded to Victory have ceased to flow, they may prove themselves worthy of the trust of the great people whom it is their proud privilege to serve." I make no apology for quoting these words in full. They profoundly impressed the meeting, and by degrees, as they were spoken and emphasised, all signs of dissent disappeared—and the Resolution was carried unanimously.

King *versus* Kaiser.

We must be fair—even to the King! His position during these past four years has been one of extreme difficulty and delicacy, but can it be denied that he has worthily continued the good work of his father, Edward the Peacemaker—to whose initiative we owe not only the establishment of the *entente* with France, but who uttered many warnings, which our statesmen unheeded, of the true designs of Germany? His suspicion of the Kaiser and his contempt for his world-ambitions are well-known to those behind the scenes. Let me recall that superb snub which he administered to his mad nephew at the Kiel Regatta. In proposing the health of his Majesty, the Kaiser had said, "I would remind your Majesty that my navy is now one of the finest in the world." And this was King Edward's reply: "Your Majesty has spoken of your newly-born navy, and the interest I have always taken in *yachting* compels me to congratulate your Majesty upon your devotion to this particular branch of sport." No bitterer sarcasm was ever spoken, and no one but King Edward would have dared to utter it. Then, too, I recall that caustic but characteristically wise expression when he was asked his opinion of the proceedings and resolutions at the first Hague Peace Conference—"I think it great nonsense," said he. For two generations, therefore, at least, our Court cannot be suspected of German sympathies, and it is the duty of every loyal citizen to lighten, as far as possible, the burden now resting upon the shoulders of our King. I do not think I shall be suspected of sycophancy or of seeking Court favours. Neither as Lieutenant of the City of London nor as Member of Parliament have I ever attended a *levee*—nor even a Royal Garden Party. To me, the King is not a Personality, but a symbol—and so long as he worthily fulfils his mission, I shall be his loyal and contented subject—and shall be grateful to him for filling a post essential to the safety and well-being of the British Empire, and for which I venture to assert there would in these troublous days be few applicants were it open to public competition! **God Save the King!**

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD D'ABERNON.

Good arternoon, sir. Wot kin I 'ave the pleasure? . . . *Brush up?* Cert'n'y, sir. I'll give you a brush up. Wot? Not 'arf! You're Lord D'Abernon, ain't cher? . . . Ah, I thort so. 'Ow is yore Lordship's 'ealth? . . . *Prilly well?* I'm pleased to 'ear thet. Feelin' better, I take it, since the Liquor Control Board come on the scene an' rejuiced the fercilities fur drinkin' an' the strength an' quality o' the liquor. . . . *Wot do I insinooate?* Nuthink, me Lord—thet is ter say, I don't insino-ate nuthink more then wot *chew* did in yore speech to the Wimmen's Section o' the Church of England Temperance Society the other day. I'm simply upplyin' the moral you drew. You sed thet since the Board's restrictions 'ad bin in force, not only 'ad drunkenness decreased (thet is to say, *convictions* fur drunkenness), but there 'ad bin a correspondin' improvement in the public 'ealth. So I ventured to suggest thet you was one o' them wot was feelin' better. . . . *Libellous?* 'Oo's libellous? Shorely it ain't libellous to tell a feller 'e's better'n 'e was, is it? . . . Oh, *is* it? Then you've committed libel 'olesale. You suggested in yore speech thet the 'ealth o' the community was improved becos yore Board 'ad rejuiced the fercilities fur drinkin'. W'ich was as good as sayin' thet before yore precious Board (w'ich, I believe, includes a pro-German, hypercritical 'umbug like Philip Snowden) come on the scene, the British public was ruinin' its 'ealth with booze. O' course, if you're honest with yerself, you know it's nuthink o' the kind. If anything 'as improved the 'ealth o' the general community, it's the rejuiced fercilities fur *eatin'*. The *hu*ristocracy an' the upper ten, includin' Members o' Parlymint, an' cetra, 'aven't bin' able to gorge theirselves quite so much as they used ter before the wore. As a matter o' fack, yore Board ain't done a 'apoth o' good except to the profiteerin' brewers an' distillers. You've let 'em rejuice the quality o' their liquor an' put up the price to a scandalous figure, an' you've caused any amount of industrial unrest, but you 'aven't made the British public any more sober, and you 'aven't improved their 'ealth. You tork as though the nation was soaked with alcohol before you butted in an' treated the grown-up public like a lot o' Sunday School kids. If we was, 'ow do you account for the Contemptible Little Army, Kitchener's Boys, the Derby lads, an' the Conscripted 'eroes, who've 'ad 'ealth an' strength enough to blarst 'ell outer the 'uns? *They* wasn't brought up under the Control Board, but most o' 'em could drink their pint at the canteen—like men an' Britons. An' if you think you're goin' to treat us like kids w'en the wore is over, an' keep these silly, irritatin' and 'arrissin' restrictions in force for ever, I warns yer, you're backin' a loser. W'en the lads come 'ome an' things settle down again, they're goin' to 'ave a decent drink *w'en they like*, an' the price an' quality 'as gotter be right—take it from me. Think them boys 'ave fought an' crushed German slavery on'y to be made slaves at 'ome? Not much! They won't 'ave sich silly nonsense, if they 'ave to turn the Guv'ment out to stop it. . . . *'Ave I done?* No, not if you mean torkin'. I 'aven't 'ardly started. Orl right, me Lord. If you *must* go. But remember there's somebody else fur you to reckon with besides the Wimmin's Section o' the Church of England Temperance Society.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"IRISH TIMES" (Obituary advertisement):—
"——. The loving wife of —— ——. 'SATISFIED.'"

"SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO":—
"Sir Douglas Haig's latest despatch: Nos. 48 and 49 St. Mary Street were unsold at the recent auction."

"HALIFAX EVENING COURIER":—
"Whether it be a simple garden frock or an elaborate dinner gown, Miss Hopson wears it with all the wonderful grace and charm typical of the true ENGLISHMAN."

"WESTERN DAILY MERCURY":—
"Wanted, a person for washing and housework TWICE A WEEK EVERY FORTNIGHT."

"EASTBOURNE GAZETTE":—
"Wanted, House-parlourmaid; good reference and STRONG BASEMENT."

"THE PICTORIAL MAGAZINE":—
"He caught him, forced him at the pistol point to give up the stolen property, and then cut off one of his EARS. 'It will be BOTH EARS, and both hand, if I catch you again.'"

"WOKING NEWS AND MAIL" (advt.):—
"Genuine Army Boots. Give size of WAIST."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS":—
"Wounded soldiers entertained. SONS were contributed by Miss —— and two of the soldiers."

"BARNSLEY CHRONICLE":—
"John Wainwright was PAID 12s. for keeping a dog without a licence."

"UNION JACK":—
"Bedell little dreamed that as he halted in the roadway to light his lamps a pair of steel-blue eyes watched him QUIETLY."

PELMANISM AND THE WAR.

By A LANCE CORPORAL, B.E.F.

"So old Brown's on the Divisional Staff now?" remarked Jones, of the Blankshires, in the Mess.

"Yes," said his friend. "Jove! he's gone ahead since we all came out together, what? Never seemed to be anything out of the ordinary, either—another case of luck all the way!"

"Don't you believe it, my son," interrupted the Second-in-Command. "A man like Brown is bound to go ahead out here—and I'll tell you why. I never saw a fellow who could grasp a situation so completely on the spur of the moment—always did the right thing in the right place, no matter what it was that turned up. I've seen plenty of chaps with more brains than Brown—chaps who could sit down and plan things out right down to the last tin of bully—but that didn't help them in a show, because they were too slow at it—couldn't get the thinking apparatus to operate fast enough. But Brown, he's a marvel! Put him in as tight a hole as you like, spring all sorts of surprises on him—he'll take about one look, and then he's got it—his decision's made and carried out, and it turns up trumps every time. And that's the kind of headpiece you want for this job!"

A lengthy and varied experience of men and things on the Western Front, ranging from the muddy and uncertain existence of the front line to the inner life of one of the directing centres of the great fighting machine, has brought the writer to the same conclusion. One cannot here attempt to analyse the host of mental attributes which make for success in all branches of the soldier's profession—from the dogged strength of mind and purpose which keeps the British Tommy's nerve and spirit unbroken throughout the inferno of an action, to the confident, inspiring zeal of the leader and the clear and comprehensive reasoning faculty of the organiser; but, whatever your particular duty may happen to be, one thing is essential to the attainment of complete efficiency, and that is *mental celerity*. The situations which arise in all phases of war are kaleidoscopic in their nature; one small turn of the wheel of chance, and the same facts take on an entirely new aspect, and bear quite a different relation to one another. You may have a thorough understanding of your job, whether it be concerned with the storming of the enemy's defences or with regulating the supply of rations; you may have studied your situation in all its details and laid your plans to cover every thinkable contingency—then, while the scheme is actually in process of execution, something totally unforeseen turns up which profoundly affects its course, and calls for immediate action. You have to grasp the full significance of the new factor, note its effect upon each point in your plans, realise all the possibilities of the altered situation, and decide upon your course of action; and all this must be done in the space of a few seconds—there is no time for any study of the question on Sherlock Holmes lines. Men of proved intellectual capacity in civil life have failed to attain the highest efficiency as soldiers simply because they lack this ability to make lightning surveys and decisions; others, under the same circumstances, act first and think afterwards, achieving their results by "blundering through"—sometimes the method works and sometimes it doesn't, and the first time it doesn't, and serious consequences ensue, there is trouble. There is no substitute for this all-important faculty—you read of it in the *London Gazette* as "resource," "initiative," and so forth, but it all comes from the same root—and without it success becomes infinitely more difficult, if not impossible.

Contrary to the common supposition, this power is not exclusively a gift or an instinct, bestowed upon some and denied to others. It is the outcome of the possession of an *ordered* mind—a mind in which all the contents are methodically pigeon-holed and ready to hand like files in a well-organised office, and, above all, a mind well balanced and trained to visualize things in their proper perspective. You may possess a retentive memory, and a mind well accustomed to reasoned, logical thought, and yet fail to recall relevant facts at the critical moment—how many times have you said to yourself, immediately after some important conversation, as a thought suddenly strikes you, "Wish I'd thought of that when he was speaking of so-and-so!" It was there all the time, but not in its proper place; it had been thrust haphazard into one of the recesses of your brain, and in your rapid survey you had overlooked it.

And that is where Pelmanism will come to your aid, if you will allow it. It does not seek to drill your mind into automatic action by wearisome repetitions of dull exercises, as the machine-gunner is trained to be ready for any emergency by constantly going through the motions of remedying every conceivable defect until he can almost do it in his sleep; such a method will perhaps serve for one particular case, but is useless for general application. Pelmanism seeks rather to lead you and to aid you in the development of your power by showing you how to organize your mental forces to the best advantage and how to arrange your mind's cabinet so that its contents are readily accessible to the swiftest perusal. Pelmanism points the way, and it lies with you to follow, that, by so doing, all that is latent in your mental power may be raised to the highest pitch of alertness and capacity, and that you may thereby attain that perfect efficiency whence alone comes success.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of TRUTH'S famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of JOHN BULL *to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, on application to The Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Dead Hun, Live Tommy:—When a draft paraded the other day at Oswestry to proceed to France, they noticed that there was no band to play them to the station, and were told that it was on duty helping to bury a Hun. We have respect for a dead enemy, but consider that our own living men have prior rights.

The Red Tapeworm:—This memorandum shows "the way they have in the Army": "The form will be returned to you when it has been approved by M.G. I.C.Admn. Please note that proposals have to be passed to D. O., R. E., who passes them to C. R. E. They are then returned to me, and I pass them to O. C., A.S.C., D.D., who passes them to G.H.Q., who approves or raises objection, and returns them to me through O. C., A.S.C., D.D. It takes some time before the necessary authority is obtained." So we should think!

Brutal!:—A party of wounded arrived at Shorncliffe Station from France the other day, and over thirty bad stretcher cases were packed into the fireless waiting-room to await the ambulances. The men begged for tea or coffee, but all they could get was cold water. The unfortunate sufferers remained in the room for several hours before the ambulances turned up. Doubtless we shall be told that the authorities did all in their power for the suffering sick and wounded.

A Squeezed Orange:—Pte. Guymer joined the R.A.M.C. a couple of years ago. He contracted double pneumonia and influenza, which unfortunately speedily turned to consumption. When he was in a dying condition—a few weeks before his end—he was discharged from the Army and admitted to Park Hospital, Lewisham, his wife having to support him while there out of her separation allowance—and the generous authorities would not even contribute a few pounds to send the poor fellow's body home!

The Pampered Enemy:—At Blandford Camp the other day were some men under canvas who had returned from Mesopotamia, many of them being malaria subjects. Hun prisoners, on the contrary, were quartered in nice, warm, cosy huts. It is lucky for Fritz that Lord Derby is not at the head of affairs.

Rooking the "Rookies":—We are glad to note that several non-commissioned officers at Caterham have been jacketed for extracting money from men for the issue of pass-forms, etc. In very many units N.C.O.s do not allow men their rights under Regulations, unless they well grease their palms. Commanding officers should look into this disgraceful state of things, which is a slur upon the Service.

Waiting in Egypt:—Men of the R.A.F. stationed at Port Said write to us asking when they will receive the £3 clothing allowance which was due in April last. We hope this paragraph will jog the memory of the authorities.

"JACK."

Pay! Pay! Pay!:—We are glad to hear that the Admiralty have rescinded the Order to refund the seniority allowance, and have paid those entitled their pensions. Whitehall, however, says nothing concerning the stoppage of 6d. and 2d. a day Royal Fleet Reserve pay—so we suggest that they might look into this matter also.

Prize-Money:—When will the bosses of the Silent Service Department get a move on, and pay out prize-money? It would cheer the heart of Jack, and provide many necessaries that are short in the homes of numerous sailors' wives.

Not Justice:—A bluejacket on a warship stole goods from a canteen to the value of £9 10s. 6d., and deserted. When he was arrested and brought back he was simply charged with desertion; the theft was not inquired into, although his shipmates accused him. The Lieutenant-in-Charge has told the members of the mess that until they collectively make up the money he will stop all leave. We feel that Sir Eric Geddes will not consider this justice.

Week-end Leave:—A somewhat unfair Order is in force at Portsmouth, laying down that no man below the rating of leading seaman can have a liberty ticket to visit his friends outside the port. The consequence is that when the men go ashore they crowd the pubs, with the exception of the "bluelight" men, who mope in the institutions provided for the salvation of Jack's soul.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

The Labourer and His Hire:—An ex-soldier was given a job as porter in a hospital. After nineteen weeks the Committee granted him a War Bonus of 3s. a week—2s. less than is given to a young civilian doing similar work. It was explained that his pension counted in the reckoning, and when he notified his intention of leaving, he was abused by the Chairman, who is a retired tradesman, and no doubt made his money out of cheap labour.

Another Railway Case:—A shell-shocked and wounded man, given a job by one of the railway companies, was asked to load a van with sides of beef, weighing three or four hundredweight each. Because he was physically unable he was taken in front of the Station Manager, who told him that he must do the work or quit, sneeringly adding that anybody could "shake"—meaning, no doubt, that shell-shock was being shammed.

Still They Come!:—Upon his discharge, wounded, another prominent line reinstated an ex-soldier who had served since November, 1915. He was given a position in the Engineers' Department as a temporary man, but when he applied to be posted to a signal-box he got the sack—on the grounds that he had joined the Army without asking the permission of the Company!

More Of It:—The Durham County Council had 76 applicants before them for the position of full-time Secretary to the War Pensions Committee. Mr. John McKay, a member of the Consett U. D. Council and Food Control Committee, was appointed—the Badgers being sent to the right-about. Councillor Johnson, of Chopwell, was also selected, out of 71 candidates, as full-time Secretary to the Easington Council. The local Badgers rightly consider that this is another "smack in the eye" for them.

The Foreigner First:—A discharged soldier asked for permission to open an hairdressing business in Tenby, and was refused. A Dane applied to the local Food Control Committee in the same town for leave to open a green-grocery, and his application was granted. The Badger had served in the Army for over three years, and lost his original business through his patriotism.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Almost Desperate:—The widow of an old soldier has been fighting against odds for the past few weeks, but at last placed her case before us. Her only son, and supporter of the home, is down with bronchitis and asthma, during which illness debts have collected, she being unable to work.

Accidents *Will* Happen:—An ex-soldier has had the misfortune to scald his foot, and consequently is unable to follow his employment. His small pension was found inadequate to provide necessities for his wife and family, she being unable to work through indifferent health.

His Wife and Kiddie:—A young fellow was discharged from the Service with shell-shock, and other ills. He worked until quite recently, but had to give up owing to neurasthenia. He is married and has a young child.

Cannot Make Ends Meet:—A soldier wrote us from camp on behalf of his wife and family, who were all ill together, the separation allowance being quite inadequate to provide the necessary nourishment. He was not in credit with his regiment, so could not give her assistance.

A Friend in Need:—A soldier's wife was in arrears with rent, owing to temporary absence from work through sickness. Her husband was discharged from the Service with consumption, and is awaiting pension, in the meantime being unfit for work. There is a delicate child to support, and our help was gratefully received, no other means being available.

A Sad Case:—A poor woman has been watching by her husband's bedside for days past, he being in a military hospital suffering from wounds. She spent all the money she had to provide small comforts for the poor fellow, who at last expired, leaving her quite destitute. Added to this loss, she recently buried a little son.

Further Cases Relieved:—

Corporal home from the front to see his dying mother. Long doctor's bill awaiting payment, and other debts.

In hospital, awaiting discharge, soldier needed temporary relief.

Soldier's wife has two children down ill, and cannot pay cost of illness, not being able to work.

A similar case. Debts accumulated during sickness; pressed for payment.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A. B. (Simonstown), 9s. 2d.; O. P., 6d.; "A Friend" (Blundellsea), 2s.; W. G. (Chatham), 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife and Sister," 2s.; E. T. (Edenfield), 1s. 6d.; Captain, Officers and Crew of M.F.A. *Oakmoth* (per E. B.), £2 12s. 6d.; "Chequers," 10s.; F. E. K., 2s.; "Fisherrow," 1s. 6d.; M. K. (Alatree), £2; E. H. (Melton Mowbray), 5s.; Employees, Messrs. W. Gilbespy and Son (per J. W.), 10s.; Mrs. F. S. B. (Pretoria), 5s.; "Chequers," 5s.; "Geedlee," 1s.; "A Thank Offering" (Balham Hill), 10s.; Stokers Mess, H.M.S. *Lady Moyra* (per R. R.), £1; Mrs. B., 1s.; "Four Chevrons," 1s.; H. K. (Dunkirk), 1s.; M. D., 1s.; "A Common Soldier," 6d.; J. T., 6d.; W. P., 6d.; G. F. P., 2s. 6d.; H. J. W., 6d.; Pte. C., 6d.; M. B. Y. (Glasgow), 2s.; E. B., 1s. 6d.; J. H. G., 6d.; S. I., 1s. 6d.; Collection, Lea Engineering Works, Maidstone (per A. L. S.), £1 11s.; B. E. R., 3s.; "Jack," 10s.; C. B., 6d.; A. S., 6d.; Mrs. M. S. (Ryde), 1s.; F. C. H., 1s.; "A Few of the Boys of the Naval Wireless Station, Singapore" (per A. A.), 11s.; "Lest We Forget," 2s.; V. E. C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 15s.; A. S. H. (Nottingham), 1s.; "Tithe," 2s. 6d.; S. I. (Hampstead), 5s.; D. S. (Shirehampton), 2s.; "The Dookers" (Southampton), 4s. 6d.; "Nancy," 1s.; Mrs. C. (Norwich), 5s.; W. A. W., 2s. 6d.; J. W. B. (Geneva), £10; J. B. (Edinburgh), 2s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; R. D. P. (Jersey), £1; Mount Ngwibi Patriotic Fund, Vryheid Branch, £10; H. M. S. (Hampstead), 5s.; "2s. 6d. Winner M.," 2s.; "X. Y. Z.," 2s. 6d.; D. E. H. (Stockton-on-Tees), 2s.; "83," 2s. 6d.; O. O. (Harlesden), 2s.; "Cinceria," 10s.; "Babs," 15s.; "Hardy," 1s.; H. J. J., 2d.; C. H. P. (Wembley), 1s. 2d.; "Conscientious Objector," 10 dollars; A. F. M. (H.M.S. *Renbow*), 10s.; "A Quartermaster's Wife," 5s.; T. S. (Hull), 10s.; "Taxi Driver 8378," 1s.; J. H., 2s. 6d.; "Tatenao Maru," 10s.; J. D. (Everton), 1s.; "Loven," 1s. 10d.; C. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), £5 5s.; A. L. (Whitley Bay), 2s. 6d.; C. R., 1s. 6d.; L. P. (Ripon), 1s. 6d.; "Collection at Walvis Bay School by Iris and Horace Bramwell," £9 16s. 6d.; "In Mem., S. M. S.," 2s.; A. B. M., 5s.; M. G. C., 10s.; "A Hard-working Farmer," 2s., 6d.; Electrical Dept R.N.T.F., Greenock (per G. A.), 13s. 6d.; Pte. J. S., 5s. 6d.; W. L., 7d.; W. F. N., £1; "Mary" (Ripon), 2s. 6d.; J. S. B., 5s.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

W. R. (Bristol).—So you were at the Albert Hall? Wasn't you who kept sneezing, was it?

"A Tommy" (Bournemouth).—"Strike men, strike hard strike men with all your might—Victory is nigh, and God protects the right." *That's* the stuff to give 'em, sonny.

T. H. (Boves Park).—"Kindly send me a nice winner." Certainly—Foch for the Armageddon Stakes.

N. E. P. (Sunderland).—"They cannot restore our noble dead, but we must see to it that they have not died in vain." That is our solemn resolution.

W. J. D. (Mitcham).—"The first Inch on the way to peace as suggested in JOHN BULL: *Indemnities, Navy, Colonies, Heligoland.*" To carry it further, "*Essen.*"

M. T. R. (Summertown).—We note the opinion of Sir Willoughby Dickinson, M.P., at a League of Nations meeting, that "Germans are not radically bad." They are notoriously damnable.

D. M. H. (Stockton).—Still, don't begrudge the Vicar of Middlesbrough his £200, if he can collect the money to restore the church bells in time to ring the joy-peal.

F. R. (Sparkhill).—When we've got the armistice we want, we shall get the peace we want.

G. H. C. (Croydon).—"Do our politicians mean to sell us a pup over the peace negotiations?" There's a bull-dog prepared to chaw up that kind of pup.

"No O.B.E." (Ryl. Engrs.).—"It is a confounded shame that the O.B.E. is to take precedence of military medals." Agreed. But the "bit of tin" won on the field will never be scoffed at. The other thing is.

"A FARMER'S DAUGHTER."—"The 'flu is swine fever. As they die they turn black; 'flu affects us the same. The cause is the pig food in the bread." At last we know.

"BARRY ISLAND."—It is useless for Germany to say she has never purposely destroyed lifeboats. You and many others have experienced that enormity at her hideous hands.

C. W. W. (Bulford Camp).—We are not going to bother ourselves about the clergyman who implored his congregation not to read JOHN BULL. How do you know we did not pay him for the advertisement?

"ONE OF THE MOTHERS."—The letter you did not know where to address has been forwarded to Lord Haldane. No fault of ours if it spoilt his breakfast.

E. W. G. (Fulham).—While fully sympathising with your feelings, we must warn you that private revenge against individual Germans would almost certainly land you in serious trouble. Wait till you see the Peace Terms.

W. S. R. (Warrington).—So you think that "every letter from Germany to Great Britain should bear one penny stamp for every year the war lasts." But what Britisher will dare to receive letters from Germany in the future?

J. G. (Thames, N.Z.).—Thanks for copy of the *Thames Star*, with that nice, appreciative article about ourselves. We note, from your letter heading, that you "negotiate loans." What are your terms for a few thousands? Best of luck.

G. E. B. (Clapham).—We should much like to see the list of shareholders in Krupps—but it is kept in Germany! And, even then, is probably faked.

C. H. B. (Croydon).—We have already promised that when the election comes we'll publish a Black List of undesirable candidates.

"PUBLIC INTEREST" (Bridgend).—"I am feeling off colour." That's done it. Your letter is now undergoing examination for 'flu germs.

F. W. M. (Thornaby-on-Tees).—"I bow my head for terrible thoughts obcess me." Just so; and it makes them worse when you can't spell them.

M. E. (Colebrooke).—Hats off to the Vicar of Colebrooke, North Devon, who recently made a public protest against the introduction of Hun prisoners into the village. Other parsons, please copy.

M. C. (Dundee).—We have already explained that Old Age Pensions do not start from the 70th birthday, but from the time when the local Committee make up their marvellous minds to grant them. Official buffoonery? Oh, yes!

MRS. W. (Hampstead).—There are all sorts of snakes. You seem to have got into close touch with a female viper.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Belfast).—Can appreciate your feelings as an expectant mother having to stand so long among a lot of men, awaiting the pleasure of the local Pensions Committee. Surely they can provide a few chairs for waiting women?

"CONSTANT READER" (Stourton).—It was kind of the Magistrates of the Nottingham Children's Court to pay the fine of 10s. which they inflicted on the small son of a discharged soldier for stealing apples.

"ONE WHO HAS SERVED."—"I should like you to say a word on the shortage of coal." The word is one we are reluctant to print.

"BILLIE (Lambeth).—"To settle an argument, had Lord Kitchener only the sight of one eye?" He had two eyes, and the sight of all the eyes of an Argus to settle an argument with.

"STRATFORD, E.15."—Although in trouble, don't think desperate thoughts. Send your name and address and we will try to help you.

MRS. S. (Mirfield).—You paid £1 for a table centre, worked by soldiers in hospital, and it has not arrived. Wait a little longer, for, if they were genuine Canadian soldiers who received your money, you can trust them like the Bank of England.

K. G. (Glasgow).—Come, come, lassie; only in one sense have we ever been guilty of "running down the Scotch."

H. B. E. (Brighton).—We note that our article "stirred your blood." As a matter of physiological interest, where did it first begin to gurgle?

J. W. (Cheshire).—We do not remember ever having offered to back horses for you. Mind you don't fall out of bed.

C. H. M. (Dundee).—Yes, the Rev. Dr. Hugh George Watt, judging by that sermon at St. Enoch's, is hot stuff. Any marmalade to spare?

F. S. (New Brighton).—Cannot call a man a thief just to amuse you. Ten to one he wouldn't like it.

B. S. (St. Albans).—The chocolates you sent us resembled decayed tripe. At a shilling a quarter they were dear.

T. F. (West Croydon).—"I have been trying to think which is of most value—a Vermin Hun prisoner of war, murderer of babes and violator of women, or an old age pensioner." Judging by the Government's comparative treatment of the two, the Vermin Hun is priceless and the Old Age Pensioner isn't worth a damn.

"ONE OF THE GUARD" (E. Grinstead).—"Lady was asked to leave compartment to make room for German prisoners. If the *lady* has a special desire to ride with the Huns, she shall be accommodated." You seem rather like "One of the Black-Guards."

H. W. F. (Walthamstow) has got no extra rations for his poultry after all his form-filling, and this makes him "feel like killing the lot off for Christmas." Shall we send our private address?

I. N. G. (A.B., R.N.).—"Excuse writing, as there's a bit of a swell on; and we are rolling a bit." Realising the picture, we regret that sardine we had for tea. *Steward!*

A. E. M. ("Exponent of Telepathy," Rugby).—"Pardon my rudeness and weirdly ignorance. . . . Kindly state why the newspapers, occult and otherwise, don't seek to publish my declaration to the world?" It's because you omitted to pay their advertising rates—in your "weirdly ignorance."

"KINGSWAY."—If there is a Captain in the Ministry of Munitions who wishes to pet German prisoners, the odds are he is a stay-at-home gent who has never seen the swine at their brute business.

E. H. S. (Bolton).—Your scheme for the evacuation of our prisoners in Germany appears sound and practicable. Did you pick it out of your own head?

G. J. (Bootle).—From Liverpool to Boston and back, only four men out of a crew of eleven could work the ship, seven being down with 'flu all the while. No thanks and no reward was poor pay for terribly trying work.

W. Y. (Stoke-on-Trent) has a photograph of the grave in Mesopotamia of Private W. Ryder, A.S.C., died on active service, Sept. 30th, 1916, which he will be pleased to hand to the relatives of the dead hero. Application will be forwarded.

REV. J. O. H. C. (Stymbridge).—Space permits no more than a bare record of your conviction that "God only forgives after sorrow for sin, confession, promise of amendment, reparation, and a readiness to bear panishment," and that "at present none of these requisites for pardon are visible in the brutal Huns." So it is a fight to a finish, eh?

T. H. (Liverpool) reminds us that in addition to "the base" and "the vile," German bands include "the liar" and "the loot." But we shan't hear any more of the big drum.

W. K. (Nottingham).—The U-boats must come under the white flag to Allied ports. Their proper "home," of course, is Hell.

R. C. S. (Calcutta).—"If some unbiassed Englishman——" Cut the cackle, sonny. If you want us to tackle the job, spit it out and have done with it.

L. W. (Bootle) and OTHERS.—You must be a bit slow in the uptake if you could not see that "The Profiteer's Appeal" was "wrote sarcastic." Try a little vinegar on a one-pronged fork, three times a day.

"EILEEN" (Harringay).—A winner of a Turkey Prize in our "Bullets" Competition can obtain 30s. in advance to purchase one at any time.

J. H. B. (Bramber).—You think that as the cost of the pig worked out at 1s. 5½d. per lb. gross, the Controller's maximum limit of 2s. 2d. per lb. for prime cuts is not excessive. Perhaps you are right.

R.S.P.C.A. (Batley).—We agree that Albert Hirst, the Dewsbury Moor milk dealer, fined 20s., was let off lightly for his callous cruelty to an old horse.

W. H. S. (Belvedere).—"On behalf of some respectable residents and myself." Should have thought you one of them if you had not marked the separation.

"J. B. READER" (H.M.S. *Imelda*").—So you think this "agony column" mostly genuine, but "some are friv, and would not stand the acid." Accept our assurance that every query and reply is genuine.

"A LAND WORKER."—If you did not write anonymously, we would attend to your statement that you have to walk eight miles to work and eight miles back. As you mention no names or places, we can only raise our eyebrows and cough.

E. T. S.—Tottenham supplies free to inhabitants two motor ambulances for use when necessary, with volunteer attendants. Tottenham goes up two.

V. R. T. (France).—Thanks for sketch of Kaiser descending *a posteriori* upon the fourteen (bayonet) points. A sharp suggestion!

A. V.W. (Laurieston).—The fact that you also thought of calling the American soldiers "Samsons" is an indication of that simultaneity of inspiration which has not infrequently been noted as an attribute of the greatest minds.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

FULL PARTICULARS OF OUR

XMAS GIFT OFFER

TO READERS

WILL BE PUBLISHED IN

OUR NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 *(Nov. 9th, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

The Church and National Reconstruction.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND has no Central Fund for the great work without which National Reconstruction will be only half done. Such a Fund must be provided NOW if the gravest of all national disasters is to be escaped. The religious bodies alone, with the Church of England at their head, can save the nation. *The Church must have the money.*

National Reconstruction will fail unless the material side of this work is supported and inspired by an equally great spiritual Reconstruction. Millions of men will return from the War, flushed with victory, welcomed with deserved acclaim, to enjoy well-earned rest on full pay. Fully as many millions of men and women, in great part little more than boys and girls, now employed on munitions and other war services, will be out of work as soon as peace is secured. Often their search for new employment will remove them from home influences and the restraints of their accustomed surroundings. All these people create a moral as well as a material problem. When the soldiers and war-workers return to civil life they must find a spiritual shelter in every town and village. Not money alone, but workers, must be found. The Church is understaffed. Its clergy is underpaid. There is no monetary attraction to draw men to the ministry of the Church. The war has deprived the Church of more than 2,000 clergy. Many more thousands of lay helpers and social workers are needed for the task of reconstruction. The Church has as yet no Central Fund to provide them.

THE CHURCH WILL NOT BE DEAF TO THIS APPEAL.

THE CENTRAL FUND MUST BE PROVIDED FOR AT ALL COSTS.

Gifts may be made, if preferred, in the form of National War Bonds or Stock, and may be spread over a series of years.

Cheques should be made payable to CANON F. PARTRIDGE, *and crossed* BARCLAY'S BANK, LTD.

Address: Sanctuary House, 33, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

To CANON F. PARTRIDGE,

The Church of England Central Fund.

I enclose {*donation* / *a first donation*} *of £..... to the Church of England Central Fund.*

Name .....

(*Title or designation.*)

Address .....

748. .....

Before you light the fire THINK

Think of the men fighting in the sodden trenches. Think of the Italian Soldiers in the snows. Think of the wounded in hospital. Think of someone fighting who is very dear to you. Remember that *the more coal for you, the less coal for them.* Then see if you cannot do without that fire you meant to light. Follow the rule, one family one fire. The days you have a fire in the kitchen—sit in the kitchen. You can only burn your coal once. Every fire you save now you will be glad of later on.

Put off lighting the fire as long as you can—and put it out immediately you have done with it.

The coal you are going without is forging the key to

VICTORY

Issued by the Coal Mines Dept., Board of Trade, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1.

B.T.15.

FREE to the GREY-HAIRED

Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache, or beard (discovered by a Paris physician now serving with the French Red X). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going-grey hair.

You must look young if you are to secure the chances that lead to success in the army, in business, in public life, and in society. "INECTO" makes you look young.

Write to-day for Illustrated Booklet No. 46, stating if for Lady or Gentleman, and enclosing 2d. in stamps to cover return postage, &c.

Sent in plain sealed envelope from Secretary, INECTO, LTD., 152, North Audley Street, London, W.1.

Dr. L——, a distinguished Paris physician and the discoverer of "INECTO."

DEATH

TO ALL BODY VERMIN

MOSQUITOES GNATS SANDFLIES &c.

Simply rub Parasitox on Skin and Seams of Clothing.

Non-Greasy Stick 1/- each.

All Chemists, or post free (HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

PARASITOX

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND PARA-SI-TOX

RUN-DOWN

DISCOVERY OF A REVITALISING FORCE

Sufferers from nervous disorders or weakness should take "Vicaps," a unique remedy which has the wonderful power of revitalising the nervous system, at once imparting to it just the necessary vigour and go. Vicaps compounded on original lines, are a perfect combination of the best known nerve Nutrients and Restoratives, scientifically adjusted. They hold an unrivalled position in the world of medicine. VICAPS, by specific action upon the organs, go at once to the seat of the mischief, and PUT WHAT'S WRONG—RIGHT. They tone up the system, so creating energy, vigour and vim. They effect sound digestion, and promote effective assimilation. A wonderful remedy for all nervous and run-down conditions.

FREE A book upon nerve treatment will be sent to all sufferers giving name and address.—Stephen Matthews and Co. Ltd., Manfg. Chemists, (Dept. 4), 172, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

I will teach YOU to play brilliantly

without Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure.

MY PIANO CORRESPONDENCE LESSONS are so lucid, interesting, and *entirely effective* that in a few months you will play with spirit and feeling, from **ordinary music**, Songs, Dances, Hymn Tunes, and many famous Classical **Gems. I guarantee success to any average person. Adult Beginners** *need not know a note to start.*

Send to-day for my illuminating little book

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"

and see what many hundreds, of all ages and stages, say my System has done for them, and **judge for yourself what it can do for you.**

A Elementary Student: Middle aged:—"I can now play pieces which I could not possibly do before I took your Course. The whole of your instructions are admirably written. I never invested in anything that has given me so much pleasure." J.K. (Stourbridge.)

Lady Moderate. "I am more than rewarded by the result. My touch having completely changed already. Mrs. M.W. (Hampstead, N.W.)

A post card with your full address (Mrs., Miss or Mr.) and the word **Moderate, Elementary** or **Beginner,** will bring my book by return.

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

WHERE DANGER LURKS.

The Warning Signs of Thin Blood.

Many women who have thin blood and whose nerves are unstrung, complain of a sensation around the heart which they describe as "stifling." It is an alarming symptom of anæmia, or thin blood.

The first place where anæmia or thin blood shows is in the lips and gums, which become blanched, and in the membranes that line the eyelids. You may be naturally pale and still be healthy, but when these membranes lose their bright red colour your blood is deficient in quality or quantity.

Thin blood is a danger: it invites disease, because it is too weak to fight the disease germs that are continually trying to invade the system. To build up the blood there is one remedy that has been a household word for a generation, Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. They tone up the entire system, make the blood rich and red, strengthen the nerves, increase the appetite, put colour in the cheeks and lips, and drive away that unnatural tired feeling.

Women in ill-health should invigorate their blood and strengthen their nerves by beginning Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people without delay.

FREE.—"Plain Talks" is a useful handbook sent free to all lady readers who send a postcard to Hints Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

IDENTIFICATION DISCS.

For Wrens or W.A.A.C.S. Tommies or Jacks.

4/-

HAND ENGRAVED with name and number and any crest, complete with strap. These will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved.

9ct. Gold .. 21/- Silver .. 8/-
Gold Filled 4/-

SIMS & MAYER (Dept. J.B.) Walter House, 52 Bedford St., Strand, W.C. 2.

GRASP CATESBYS LINO OFFER NOW.

Every house-proud woman should know it is still possible to obtain Catesby's Cork Lino—the essential war-time floor covering—on moderate-price cash terms or by small easy payments. It is to your interest to write for patterns and prices at once.

They're Free if you mention this paper.

CATESBYS Ltd. (Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN

LEARNED IN 12 LESSONS.

Highest Speed. Legibleness point. 100 words per minute in 6 weeks. Handiest and Lowest Fees.

Shorthand Association, Ltd., 395, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.1.

Tele.: 4111 Holborn.

SHORTHAND

'Bullets' Great Turkey Offer!

FIRST PRIZE £200

We are offering 1,000 Turkeys as "Bullets" Prizes

150 TURKEYS ARE TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

In consequence of the food restrictions we are this year asking successful competitors to purchase their own Turkeys, and to send the bills to us for settlement. We will pay all such bills up to the amount of £1 10s. each, or, if preferred, a cheque for this sum will be sent in advance to pay for the Turkey. *Such a remarkable prize offer has never before been made by any paper.* DO NOT MISS THIS WONDERFUL OFFER!

1000 TURKEYS

2ND PRIZE £20 £10 3RD PRIZE

20 PRIZES OF £2:10 = 200 PRIZES OF 5/- = 1000 PRIZES OF 2/6 = 3000 "TARGET" PRIZES

150 Turkeys to be Won this week!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—WITHOUT A COUPON. Bullet:—AWKWARD WHEN HUNGRY. Example:—GETTING THE HUMP. Bullet:—KAISER AND RAIL ROW. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one Coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated November 30th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 309.

AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE	LEAVE IT TO FOCH	TRYING FOR TURKEY	RULE BRITANNIA
AUSTRIA'S FINISH	DICTATING TERMS	STUDYING WAR MAP	WITHOUT A COUPON
THE ALLIES WILL	GERMANY'S UNDOING	WHAT'S WANTED	GERMAN GOLD
RETURNING HOME	A HOPELESS STATE	A PRETTY GIRL	ON SATURDAY NIGHT
BEFORE CHRISTMAS	CRACKED UP	WITHOUT COAL	GETTING THE HUMP
IN THE RUNNING	HIS MASTER'S VOICE	WHEN HUNS VOTES	COLD COMFORT
GENERAL UPSET	THING OF THE PAST	GOING BEGGING	HANGING HIS HEAD
HINDENBURG	PUTTING THINGS STRAIGHT	RETURNED WITH INTEREST	THE KAISER'S PERIL

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 14th

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(309) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 4d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 14th

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(309) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 309. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 14th

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(309) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, Nov. 14th

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(309) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 310.

THE LAST SHOT	THE NAILED FIST	TIRED	WILL TO WIN
COMING QUICKLY	IN A TIGHT CORNER	COME TO STAY	A CLEAN SWEEP
GERMANY'S FUTURE	DON'T FORGET THAT	ROAD TO RUIN	FIXED WITH ENTHUSIASM
NOT WORTH HAVING	FEELING PROUD	WORTH BACKING	KEEN ON NOTHING
WHEN DEFEATED	UP AGAINST IT	WHAT TOMMY FANCIES	WHEN KAISER GOES

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28th. All coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 310 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 310, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition 309.

Result of 308th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Miss A. PRIESTLEY, c.o. Smith, Webster and Co., Southern Parade, Preston.

Example:—SHAKING HANDS.
Bullet:—WE "TRUST" NOT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. ROBERT PERRY, Blackhampton, Stroud.
Example:—CRUSHING REPLY.
Bullet:—NO REPLY—MORE CRUSHING.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Miss ADA PITT, c.o The Crown Hotel, Cricklewood, London, N.W.
Example:—TILLERS TO FOCH.
Bullet:—EACH DAY "CELEBRATED."

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. W. HIRONS, 113, Long St., Atherstone, Warwick: OUR PEACE TERMS—WILL BEAR "KAISER'S GUARANTEE."

Mr. F. A. BRUDENELL, 53, Connaught Road, Preston: GOLDEN THE BALANCE-STREETS ADJOINING ALBERT HALL.

Mrs. M. BRITTON, 6, Grays Place, Merthyr Vale, Glam.: IN THE ARMY—"CONCHY"—MAD KAISER WON.

Mrs. M. RUSSELL, Cluny's Wynd, High St., Aberdeen: ENGLAND EXPECTS—"FLAG DAY" ANY DAY.

Mr. T. WILLIAMS, 67, Richm'd Rd., Six Bells, Abertil'y: GERMAN COLONIES—LIKE PACIFIST CANDIDATE, UNRETURNABLE.

Mr. A. HOYLAND, 9, Portland St., Sutton-in-Ashfield: FILLING THE CELLAR—AND TRENCHES—IMPOSSIBLE SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Mr. E. H. CHICK, 56, Windsor Road, Holloway, N.: A FALSE MOVE—SOMETIMES BRINGS "GENERAL" RETIREMENT.

Miss W. G. YOUNG, Highbury Lodge, St. Mark's Road, St. Helier, Jersey: SHAKING HANDS—PLAY GERMANY'S LAST CARDS.

Cpl. G. E. JOHNSON, A.O.C., Weedon, Northampton: BREAKING THROUGH—BRITISH LINES, HUN PRISONERS.

Mr. W. JACKSON, Staff Telegraphs, G.P.O., Liverpool: GOES A LONG WAY—TO EXPLAIN KAISERISM—INSANITY.

Sgt. R. J. SHOOBRIDGE, R.E., A.P.O., S33, France: THE KAISER FEARS THAT—PEOPLE REALLY "MEAN SOMETHING." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. H. JONES, 46, Shearer Road, Portsmouth: "OUR PEACE TERMS—GERMANY "FALLS OVER" THEM.

Mr. L. E. OFFARD, 29, Holland Rd., London, N.W.10: THE KAISER FEARS THAT-FRONTIER WILL BECOME FRONT.

Mr. J. W. McKinlay, D.C.L., Bldgs., Kelty, Fife: OUR PEACE TERMS—NEW WORLD'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE.

Miss J. GODDARD, The Nook, Balmoral Tce., York: FEEDING THE GEMS—WISEST DURING PEACE OVERTURES.

Mr. B. ROSE, Power Station, Salisbury Ave., Belfast: PRINCE MAX—"CUCKOO" AT "DOVE" BUSINESS.

Mrs. C. BLAXTER, Egbert Hse., Wrexham Rd., Sprowston: THE RIGHT GAME—WE'RE TEACHING HUNS "CONSEQUENCES."

Mr. J. E. Eade, 6, King Coll. Rd., Lexden, Colchester: THE KAISER FEARS THAT—STABLE COMPANIONS WILL KICK.

Mr. H. HIGGINS, St. Vincent Ave. Rd., Torquay: PRINCE MAX—ANOTHER "SHUFFLER," SAME "PACK."

Pte. S. CAIRD, c.o. H.M.S. "Imperieuse," c.o. G.P.O., Inverness: THANKS TO FOCH—GERMANY "FULLY OCCUPIED" SOON.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptitude and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only one attempt may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 150 winners of Turkey prizes in the above Competition will be ready next week and published in the "Competitors' Journal," or it will be forwarded on receipt of 1½d. stamp. Complete list of all cash and other prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop), or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged house, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

To be Retained by Newsagent.

To.....Newsagent,

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Nov. 9, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 23, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr. Mrs. or Miss)

Home address.....

Nov. 9, 1918 .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is required.

"Just to please me!"

YOU will be certain of pleasing her if you take her to the "Midland." The £100,000 worth of superb furniture always on view in the "Midland" Salons will appeal irresistibly to her sense of beauty And the sterling value shown in the plainly-marked "Midland" prices will appeal just as strongly to your business judgment. Come and compare those prices with what you would ordinarily be asked for furniture of anything like the same splendid quality to-day. You will see for yourself that

Money buys more at the "Midland."

You always score by furnishing at the "Midland." If you pay cash you get 10 per cent. discount. If you prefer to furnish out of income you can select just what you want for your home, and pay for it just when you want — without disturbing your investments or inconveniencing yourself in any way. Under the **"Midland" Ideal Terms** you pay out of income; and you are not charged a single penny for credit or any extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.

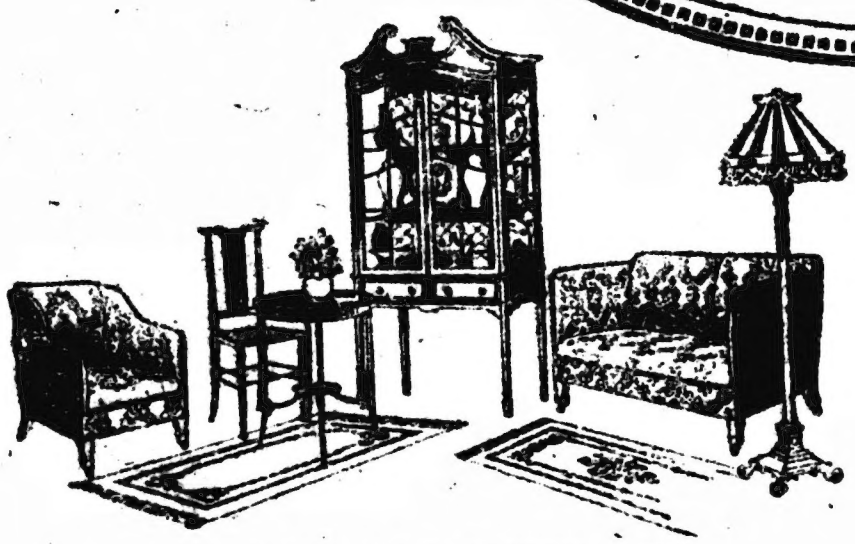
Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6
£20 -	0 11 0
£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
£500 -	13 15 0

Larger Amounts pro rata.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is **Insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**



A CHARMING DRAWING-ROOM SUITE,
designed by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAM.** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

IMPROVE YOUR HAIR AND KEEP IT "FIT."

OFFER OF 1,000,000 "HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL OUTFITS FREE TO READERS.

THE SECRET OF THE "ALWAYS SMART" APPEARANCE.

TO-DAY everyone—soldier, sailor, and civilian alike—desires a smart appearance, especially that well-groomed appearance of the hair for which our officers and men alike are world-famous. To-day such a gift is offered to all free, for you can obtain the wonderful four-fold "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit merely on making written application as directed below.

Already Harlene Hair-Drill has won a well-deserved popularity in the Navy, the Army, and the Civil Service, and also among War-Workers of every kind. Millions practise it daily—it is a toilet exercise, takes about two minutes a day to carry out—and ascribe their fine and well preserved hair even in war-time to its adoption. It is the secret of much of the "smartness"—what someone has called "the cold-tub appearance"—of the British soldier and sailor.

NO EXCUSE FOR UNHEALTHY, UNBEAUTIFUL HAIR.

If you have not hair that is healthy, radiant and luxuriant, hair that is free from unhealthy accumulations, hair that defies War-Time and Father Time, hair that glints and glistens in the sun, try "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day, free of cost to you, except the small expenditure of 4d. on stamps to defray cost of postage and packing on your free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

THIS GIFT PARCEL COMPRISES:

1. A bottle of the unrivalled hair food and hair tonic, "Harlene for the Hair."
2. A "Cremex" Shampoo powder to cleanse scalp and hair and prepare them both for "Harlene Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon," Brilliantine which gives the hair the sheen of softness and silk.
4. Book of Directions for the successful carrying out of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Even in the trenches our soldiers like to keep their hair "fit" by the "Drill." It is "up to you" at home to do the same, especially when you can do so at such a small outlay of time and trouble.

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's, too), for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

At this time when men and women are concentrated on war work, never has the great "Harlene Hair-Drill" exercise proved so universally triumphant. If you are worried as to your hair health, send for the Special Four fold Gift offered you here.

NEW LIFE FOR YOUR HAIR.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will banish and prevent the return of all hair-health defects, and you can prove this free, as so many others have already done. Make up your mind to accept this free offer at once—to-day. A little effort on your part will bring this four-fold gift to your address on payment of the cost of postage and packing (see coupon below).

MILLIONS PRACTISE "HAIR-DRILL."

Millions of men and women now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved this unique preparation, "Harlene," and its agreeable method of application. "Hair-Drill" is the surest way to overcome all hair defects, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, silky, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright.

AFTER A FREE TRIAL.

You can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist: "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; Solidified "Harlene" for soldiers, sailors, travellers, etc., in tins, at 2s. 9d., with full directions; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos, single packets, 2d. each; "Uzon" Brilliantine, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d. extra for postage direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed. Write to-day.

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

(John Bull 9/11/18.)

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D. Chairman of Propaganda: Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

AN ENEMY WHICH KNOWS NO PITY.

To neglect treatment of Venereal Disease is like throwing down one's arms in face of the enemy. And it is an enemy that knows no pity. Once it has one fairly in its grip it may torture one for years and years. And in the end it may kill.

These are grave words, but they are true. Don't give the enemy time. Every day Venereal Disease is untreated it gets a firmer hold. Start a counter-offensive at once. Kill the germs before they have time to entrench in the system. Go to the doctor or the nearest hospital at once. Those, too, who have taken a risk of infection should go for preventive treatment within a few hours; the sooner the better.

Free treatment under conditions of secrecy is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

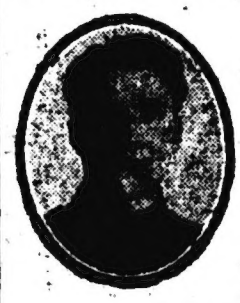
Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking your envelope "Medical."

SACCHARIN
TEA SWEETENER.
One tablet equal to teaspoonful of sugar. Do not confuse our quality with those of inferior sweetening power. Post free, 100, 2/4; 200, 4/6; 500, 10/3; 1,000, 19/6.
Wholesale terms on Application.
MURRAY & McCONACHIE, Ltd., Chemists, WINCHESTER

SPANISH "FLU." MANY DEATHS

Prevented by the prompt use of Veno's.

Extraordinary Demand. Use the Ration Coupon.



An attack of Spanish "Flu" is indicated by a cough, headache, loss of appetite and weakness. Pneumonia often follows in 12 hours. The remarkable testimony of 202864 L-Cpl. Turner, Hut 5, G Coy., 4th Essex Regt., is typical of thousands who have found instant relief in the present epidemic. He says: "In our camp heaps of fellows are suffering with Spanish Flu. Two men and myself found instantaneous relief in Veno's. A sergeant in hospital was coughing night and day. Nothing touched it until he got some Veno's; the change in him was wonderful."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the recognised modern Remedy for:

COUGHS AND COLDS
LUNG TROUBLES
NASAL CATARRH
BRONCHITIS
ASTHMA

11½D. A Bottle

DIFFICULT BREATHING
WHOOPING COUGH
BLOOD-SPITTING
HOARSENESS
INFLUENZA

Larger sizes 1/3 and 3/-

Large size most economical. All Chemists the world over.

COUPON.

To ensure getting Veno's take this Coupon with price to any chemist. If he is out of stock he will get it for you. Refuse substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

SAVE CURRENT and get better light by the exclusive use of

MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE
Electric Lamps

Send for a copy of our folder "Lighting Hints," which explains the Household Light and Fuel Restrictions, and how to comply with them.

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.
Mazda House,
77, Upper Thames St.
London, E.C. 4.

BETTER LIGHT. LIGHTER BILLS.

All Electrical Dealers supply Mazda Lamps.

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